

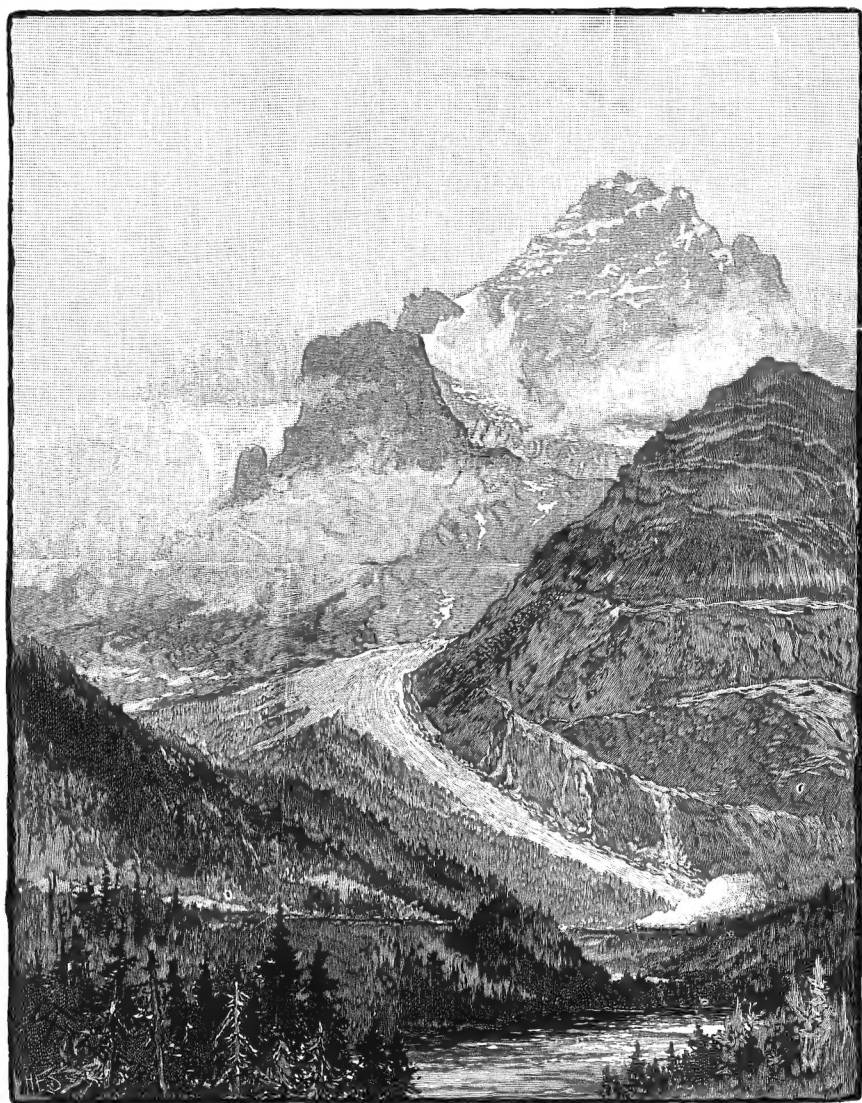
A Railway Vacation.

1890.



With regards of the writer.

50 copies only
issued.



MOUNT STEPHEN.

A Railroad Vacation.



SOME NOTES TAKEN BY CHARLES M. SKINNER ON

A TRIP TO THE NORTHWEST.



1890.

PRINTED ON A BROOKLYN EAGLE PRESS.



The Canadian Government neglected to forward most of the letters that I wrote to my beloved helpmate, who allowed me to go to British Columbia all by myself, so I affectionately dedicate this printed correspondence to

MY WIFE.

A Northward Flight.

It is not a very big world, is it? Leaving Brooklyn alone a few nights ago I have found Brooklynites in sight during every waking hour. They are on boats and trains, in hotels, in tents, in cottages, in jail; one meets them everywhere. No sooner had I entered the sleeping car at West-hawken before I found that the occupant of the berth under mine was an old newspaper chum. Years ago I lured him into a back county and persuaded him to walk twelve miles, and he still casts it up against me, while in a published account of the walk I exhibited diagrams of his feet at different stages of the journey and he said that was adding injury to insult, so I felt grateful to the car makers for building upper bunks of pin-proof timber. He took a partial revenge, however, by requesting me, at the hour of 5 A. M., to get up and look at Lake Oneida, and as he had awakened me I did so; but nature at 5 o'clock on a cold and cloudy morning is less exhilarating than nature after breakfast on a pleasant day. The lake looked wet, and its shores wore the sober color of slate. When we got out at a corner grocery and two barns to change cars our teeth chattered with the chill, and the day before we were perspiring in town. My friend was once a printer, and his comment was therefore natural and artistic: "The weather this year is all pi." By the time we reached Watertown the frost was out of our imaginations and there was something to make us forget weather—the firemen's convention was breaking up. It was a great week for Watertown. The Jakes and Moseses of old times were there with their "masheens," decked with flowers and streamers, bells tinkling and metal flashing in the sun; then there were young Ikes and Jimmys with hand engines from villages that cannot afford steam ones; and there were brass bands; and there were societies; and there were supreme past grand worthy highcockolorums covered with buttons and badges and almost twice as large as everyday life. When a man wants to be president and the people don't care for him, it is a powerful comfort to be a supreme past right grand worthy highcockolorum and wear tin medals. Several of the firemen were hitched to our train. They kept the passengers from troubling about strikes and stocks by marching through the cars at intervals, blowing horns and penny whistles and singing, each man standing on his own rights like a sturdy American citizen in the matter of key. They wore humorous nightcaps of flowered calico; they had flags, roosters, badges, medals, flowers, fire hats, trumpets and mottoes fastened to their garments.

Within their garments they had beer. Their ostreperous joy had no interruption while we were with them—not that we did anything to keep it going—and to the honest grangers who came on board at the various wood and water stations their innocent gaiety and voluminous repartees were enjoyed. That was life, the grangers thought. And how many others there are who think it is life to be amid hornblowing and loud conversation and to see exhibitions of many colored clothing. Purpose, work, thought, goodness, art and beauty? These are not to the purpose. Noise is life. Strange disparity between theory and conduct that those who hold this view are dissatisfied in sawmills. The town fallacy is strong in its hold, and men are afraid to be out of hearing of each other.

And they not only want to hear other people, but they want other people to hear about them. I was introduced to a country editor at Watertown and he thought I ought to be surprised at the fondness people have for seeing their names in print, but I got over that surprise long ago. He says it is not as funny to be a country editor as people think. To be sure, there are potatoes enough to keep a family going through the year, but how about clothing and cigars? "When you say a good word for a countryman," he remarked, "you make him your friend forever—or until you say a bad word for him. And how fond he is of being noticed! Last spring one of my neighbors marched into the office and told me to stop his paper. He said he had been on a visit for two weeks at Mullen's Junction and I hadn't printed a line about it. How was I to know? He didn't tell me. People think newspapers ought to know everything by instinct—which is absurd. Isn't it? Except when you are writing about politics. Then you know it all. I'm kind of tired. Just been addressing a lot of circulars and wrappers, but that's nothing. Why, I have to skirmish for news, write it, set it up, clean rollers, put the forms on the press, run the business office, solicit advertisements, blow up the devil, receive bores, take a hand in town matters and correspond for a New York paper. Don't you find the newspaper business hard yourself?"

To green but dry looking fields succeeded a swampy country with scraggy saplings and rushes sprouting from black mud and stagnant water, then came a stony uplift, dotted with small houses, which was Clayton; and, suddenly, at our right, appeared a stretch of water, deepening from turquoise at the shore to sapphire in mid stream and paling into silver in the distance—the St. Lawrence. Embarking on a little steamer we were soon threading our way through the Thousand Islands, a cold, brisk wind ruffling the water into tiny breakers that flecked the surface as with snow, while the gorgeous blues and greens of the river were undimmed. The first islands one comes to are so many miles long

that they are taken for mainland, wherefore they are not appreciated; but the lesser ones, with their steep, rocky edges, their bits of lawn, their cottages peeping from thickets of evergreen, their background of sad, dark Canadian forest and bright Northern sky are picturesque and beautiful. Rudderless skiffs—called by the natives "skiffs"—launches and canoes dart here and there, and flags are everywhere, for, being so near to British territory, the cottagers seem to think it necessary to announce to the world that they are Americans and are more patriotic than they are in New York city, where the Stars and Stripes are commonly associated with a flag of a different color. The island homes range from stately mansions to flimsy shanties, but most of them are pretty cottages with a rustic character that suits their surroundings, and they have a look of being made to live in and near. Best of them all, as an artistic composition, is the house of Pullman, the palace car man, who has grown rich by making the public pay his porters. This house, Castle Rest, is built of the quartzite that forms the substance of the islands and that has a ruddy stain of iron in it. It was quarried on the spot and the house is, therefore, harmonious with its surroundings; its lofty, roughened walls seem to have sprung from the earth. At night it blazes like a Pharos.

The ruins of one of those shams—a summer hotel—were seen at Thousand Island park, a camp meeting site with too many houses on it, and thirty-eight disengaged looking women with seven unoccupied men standing on the wharf. This hotel was burned a few nights ago and was an utter wreck in forty-five minutes. Had it not been for a coterie of bad men, who were up playing poker at midnight, every occupant of the house would have been roasted. Poker was under the ban of the hotel rules, also. Let us draw a moral. One woman, who escaped with her life and nothing else worth speaking of, was at a settlement where we stopped, arrayed in a borrowed calico gown, one woman's shoe and one man's shoe. She used to own diamonds. There was a fire company, homeward bound, on our boat that had with it a brass band that played at intervals, and as it was not a very bad band its music seemed to utter the sentiment of the landscape, except when it played "Down went McGinty;" that was too suggestive on a sailing excursion. Landing at Alexandria bay the firemen spread over a good deal of the short streets and marched away, their band intoning the "Razzle Dazzle." They went somewhere and had a good time and reappeared on the street, taking more room than ever. One of them, who had a cane, ten badges on his coat and ten inches of spirituous liquor in his hold, marched ahead of the drum major and seemed to entertain a delusion that he had swallowed the

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band and was making all the music himself. I admired the way in which the tuba player took his post prandial comfort during the performance, for whenever he was not giving air to his resounding instrument he was gathering smoke into himself through a five cent cigar.

There are two newspaper men in Brooklyn who were waiters at hotels up here in their college days, and I do not admire the precedents they established. My dinner came along in sections, with long pauses for naps and conversation between dishes. After the solids were out of the way I fancied that I would like a piece of pie. Ten minutes elapsed—the diningroom clock was before me, and so was the afternoon; fifteen minutes, twenty minutes; ah, it was raining, so I might as well make a day of it; twenty-five minutes, was the waiter watching me from the kitchen? had he laid a wager with the cook that he would starve me over to the grocery? thirty minutes; thirty-five minutes; thirty-eight minutes. The waiter surrendered and brought the pie. It was such a little bit of pie that I could have carried it from the cellar to the roof and down again in one minute; but it was pie, and it was victory. Seeing that he was beaten, the waiter humbly brought my coffee five minutes after it was ordered. After dinner I ran down to Summerland with Mr. Lyon, of Brooklyn, one of the cottagers there, and saw Rev. Dr. Gunnison, late of our town, brown, hearty, happy in a cottage and a flannel shirt. It was dark and gusty, and the St. Lawrence got up an exhibition of temper under the goading of the wind that was rather surprising. The little boat splashed along, however, heedless of its buffets, dancing saucily over the chops and giving us as good a shaking as we got in running the rapids next day. At 6 o'clock the sky began to brighten, and, climbing the tall tower of our hostelry, a Brooklyn deputation enjoyed a magnificent sunset. Below were the river, the lonely plain, the bristling islands. The east was filled with storm clouds, but these were painted with an angry red, as if they caught a glow from thousands of volcanoes beneath; two fragments of rainbow shone at opposite sides of a mighty circle, and between them cloud shadows, driven eastward, converged in a vapory fan. In the west bars of gold hung in a sky of green; above them was a canopy of scarlet flame reaching half way to the zenith, and, rushing to southward but a thousand feet above our heads, were translucent purple vapors whose passing dimmed for a moment the splendors of the heavens. When a streak of wan daylight was all that was left of this celestial splendor hundreds of lamps and lanterns sparkled on the islands and gave hint of fairyland across the whispering water.

Down the St. Lawrence.

To realize the beauty of the Thousand Islands one ought, probably, to live with them. They were to the writer hereof a moderate disappointment, probably because they have been painted in too sensational a fashion. Capital places they must be to idle time in and to fish from and to ply about in boats, but the St. Lawrence is something too cool for swimming, they say; indeed, the chill of it has fatally numbed more than one poor fellow who has tumbled into it with his clothes on. Not many days ago three men were spilled out of a skiff by one of the wind flaws that break through the island passes, and they went straight to the rocky bottom, never to be seen of men again. Isles and islets, for some are merely jogs of rock that fret the current and hardly give a foothold or a mooring—these uplifts are more than a thousand in number, and those that are big enough have a covering of wood and undergrowth that sometimes dips its greenery in the waves, but oftener nods from little cliffs a safe height above water. Where men have claimed them they have heightened their charm with the laying out of lawns and flower beds, the trimming and thinning of shrubbery and the building of cottages and mansions. This is real improvement when not carried too far, because it emphasizes ruggedness with contrast, a shaven lawn of the emerald hue, that only clipped grass wears in summer, furnishing a standard from which we can estimate the fantastic and divergent humor of nature in shaping the bluffs that brink it and the coloring pines whose shadows dapple its expanse. A goodly populace of Americans has gathered on the hither islands now and the smart ones tell you how they bought whole acres for \$8 or \$10 that are now held at city prices, and they chuckle wickedly, because no more people can come in on the ground floor. Where the archipelago frays out into open water there are few residents, however, so that people who would like to buy an island need not despair; but if the speculators still hold them off there are islands for sale and to let in Lake Winnepesaukee, a finer piece of water than the upper St. Lawrence and nearer town at that. Wolfe, Howe, Grindstone, Wellealey and Bathurst islands are big enough to pass for solid shore until some informant or a map tells you otherwise, but among the lesser islands are charming vistas that as the boat thuds onward are closed by new and shifting combinations of rock and field and

wood until the distant uplifts, falling into mirage, melt and glimmer and finally blink out. The islands on the Canadian side have few tenants, for it is said that the Indians still exercise their prerogative of occupancy and the Canadian government is good to its Indians, but there is a suggestive difference between the wild north shore and the tilled and settled banks where the Americans live, though as soon as one comes wholly into British territory the farming is seen to be more timid, yet more general.

Whichever way you come to Montreal you cannot fail to be impressed by the growth of the church as you go toward it. You see this best, no doubt, in approaching through Vermont, when the white villages with cozy wooden churches in their midst and ample farms and comfortable houses give way to fields and gardens that are harder worked and habitations of stone that are less attractive. Within a belt of thirty miles the dwellings shrink by about a third and the little meeting houses swell to towering piles of granite with tin roofs. The lingering medievalism of French Canada is expressed in this transition. No schools, no factories, no papers, no grants for public ease and freedom; only the church, central, dominant, austere. This transformation is less startling as you go down the St. Lawrence, only because it is less sudden, but the French look and sound of things apprise you that you are not among Americans after you pass St. Regis: the patois is spoken around you, the people do not hold their heads high and rain you with their elbows, the towns are flat and gray like Barbizon and poplars are spiked along the highways, as in Normandy. Were it not for these tokens of obedience to French traditions and for the rapids the journey down the St. Lawrence would be a dull one, for until you near Quebec it has no natural scenery to match against our Hudson and the boats are twenty years behind the times. They are run to make money and are small, tremulous and uncomfortable; charges are twice as high as on American boats and service twice as bad; there are few chairs, excepting camp stools, this insufficiency being planned with a view to compelling you to hire a stateroom or one of the benches amidships; progress is not rapid; the lower deck is crowded and unclean; the table has only half the dishes advertised, and they are not well cooked, and there is a snub nosed porter with a dirty collar who, as he gives you your valise, whines: "Shure, we porters is allowed a little something for our trouble," and gets a quarter instead of a kick. But whenever you enter British territory you are tapped for tips. The lower grade British subject frequently wants strangers to give him encouragement for doing the work that somebody else gives him wages for doing. The lower grade and imported American is falling into the same way

It was on a lowery day that I went down the river, and the low banks were occasionally obscured by rain. The islands past, landings are made at Brockville and Prescott, places that have a foreign look with their prevalence of stone masonry; there is a glimpse of Ogdensburg half hid in foliage; we see the ruin of a tower on Windmill Point, where, in 1837, the first advocates of Canadian independence fortified themselves and held out for a time against hopeless odds; there is a glimpse of a vague upheaval on Chimney Island that they tell us is an old French fort; then we shoot the first of the eight rapids that lie between Lake Ontario and Montreal—the Galop: not long and not difficult. There is a little more splashing and churning when we go down the Rapide du Plat, but the passage of the Long Sault, through nine miles of foaming water, is perhaps the most satisfactory of these experiences. Indians are not now employed as pilots, the alleged compulsion of government to hire them being no longer in practice, but the grizzled captain stands at the rail and there are plenty of hands at the wheel until smooth water is beneath the timbers again. The steamer plods and rumbles down the river and its widening called Lake St. Francis, a drowsy journey with little to break the monotony on shore except the huge church of St. Anicet, built, possibly, with the idea that in a future century there will be people enough to fill it on Sundays, and glimpses of the canals dug along occasional miles of the left bank with the intent of getting around the rapids. Though the channel is being blasted out and the rapids "improved," all steamers have to return by canal, and in view of the slow progress that they make and the hitches in the locks, up river fares are reduced below the figure charged for the down trip. We are admitted through the bridge at Coteau and take on a new pilot, who is to see us safely through the remaining rapids, the first of them, the Coteau, hurrying us past Grand Island, and the Cedar, Split Rock and Cascade succeeding so rapidly that they form almost one descent, the river falling over eighty-two feet in eleven miles. The jar and rush of the boat and hiss of the waves as they leap around it give one a pleasant excitement that is sometimes accompanied by an unpleasant dash of water, a tradition going that somebody has to be ducked on every trip. I was the unhappy one when I took the ride some years ago, a huge breaker leaping up at me as I bent over the rail on the upper deck and sousing me from head to foot. Crossing the broad St. Louis lake, with the Ottawa pouring into it at the left, the agreeable apparition of hills a few miles ahead shows that we are getting away from the idyllic dullness of the upper shores and entering the portals of that region of wild and splendid scenery that

makes the lower St. Lawrence noble and notable among the rivers of the world—a region, too, that is traversed by better boats and less offensive porters.

The bold height lifting above the wood twenty-five miles away, with clouds lingering on its crest, is Mount Royal, with a great city spread along its base, and before us, in a single fall of sunlight, is Lachine, its tin roofs glittering and its huge monastery and churches looming above the town. Lachine should still be spelt La Chine, that the historic fallacy that named it might go on record, for it was so that the early explorers named the river in a belief that it was a strait leading directly to China. Opposite Lachine is the ragged village of Caughnawaga, occupied entirely by Indians of the tame kind that live in and near Canadian cities. School is out, and a crowd of Indian urchins come charging down a lane and, arraying themselves along the gray church wall, shake their superfluous garments at the steamer in token of welcome. Nearly all the passengers are by this time on the upper deck, for the rain has ceased and clouds are breaking and the last rapid of all is about to be shot—the Lachine. As the faint line of white is seen a mile away, there is a general remark of "There they are," and all eyes are directed forward. The breakers grow more numerous; the whole breadth of the river is foaming and leaping, and there is a visible incline from the head to the islands at the foot; the bell rings; the throbbing of the engine and thud of wheels are stilled and the boat lurches into the hissing waves, driving faster and faster and tossing on their crests as in a storm at sea. When fairly in the rapids the boat seems to be going against the current as you look over the side, for it is not in the nature of water to be driven. Hit the surface of a pool with your open palm and it hurts as if you had struck a board; let the water run out of a stationary wash bowl and it will whirl around and try to climb up the sides; start it down an incline like the bed of these rapids and it will slide because it has to, but the surface will leap back in continual protest. Water is not so tractable as it seems, and it is the backward curl and fling of the waves that make it seem as if you were fighting through instead of gliding over them, until you look ashore and see how fast the rocks and trees are slipping by, or glance down at the brown reefs that rise on either hand within a few inches of the surface, at some points causing waterfalls. These jaws of stone would gnash a ship to fragments if it were not guided skillfully between them, and as the boat settles from terrace to terrace, tripping down stairs of water, you fancy that you feel the grate of reefs against her keel—a thrill of death, and not of life such as Longfellow relates in his "Launching of the

Ship," that two unaccountable school teachers in Brooklyn have found to be erotic and immoral. But there is no real danger and no real sense of it in clambering down the rapids of Lachine, and you are sorry when you reach still water and the paddles turn again.

The great Victoria bridge, an iron tube two miles in length, is now discovered, gray convents and churches multiply, the imposing water front of Montreal discloses itself, upbuilt as solid as a citadel and lined with shipping from many quarters of the globe. The steamer runs close to granite bulwarks, and two or three quiet looking men come aboard and talk about the baggage. They do not trouble to look at much of it and they disdain mine altogether, though the porter does not, for he demands 25 cents for allowing my tiny sachel to ride on his boat. I own to a weakness when I confess that that porter stirred uncharitable sentiments in my bosom, and it would be a source of evil satisfaction to me to have somebody shake him, or to have Thomas McGreevy pay him enough to keep him from practicing his piracy on the public. He made more money on that trip than if he had been modest, and he seemed to be trying to make the passengers think that it was through his intervention that they escaped the customs officers. The Canadian officials are easy with new arrivals; indeed, there are no inspectors who are more so, except the American. On returning across the Vermont border our customs officers did not show themselves to the passengers and I brought my furs and laces and silk and diamonds and brandy and cigars and steel rails and tin plate into my native land without anybody caring to suspect me of smuggling. Also two shirts and a tooth brush. Our steamer ran into a well and somebody shut a gate behind it so that we could not get out. The well was a lock and in a moment we began to rise, as water flowed in. Presently the deck was on a level with the quay and we scrambled ashore and up the streets of Montreal.

A Day in Montreal.

Montreal is one of the few cities that we have of a positive and individual character. New York is a patchwork; Brooklyn is colorless; the grayness and steadiness of Puritanism still affect New England cities, but the influx of a raw and greedy foreign element is changing their intellectual condition and appearance; Philadelphia is yielding to modern architectural notions; Washington, it is true, has something definite and rather grandiose about it; the Western cities are merely houses and shops; but Montreal seems to ripen and confirm itself with age, so that a visitor, whenever he enters it from the states feels the distinct foreignism of the place. Antiquity, quaintness, ecclesiasticism, situation, social conservatism and the associated but unmixed populace of British and French descent contribute to this individuality. It is a big city, but it does not rush and roar like those across the border; it is well to do, yet it is less given to luxury and display; it is in America, yet its traditions and exemplars are European. Few towns are so noble to the eye as you approach them. Boston, rising from the sea, its golden dome flashing above its roofs; San Francisco, seated on hills of sand, and Quebec, lifted on a precipice of naked rock, are picturesque and dignified, but Montreal impresses you with the weight and endurance of a granite quarry. It is mostly of stone, the river is lined with a massive quay, behind it are the custom house and stores and the huge Bonsecours market, still above these are shops and churches, the double towers of Notre Dame conspicuous among them, then the city spreads away for miles to right and left and runs up the flanks of Mount Royal, which the officers of the place, with an intelligence and taste that we would look in vain for among our grotesque city rulers, have turned into one of the most delightful of parks. Yet, amid so much that is staid and old is much that is new, and the contrasts of new and old help to strengthen the impression and charm of originality. Here is a knot of low stone houses that were probably standing as they do when Wolfe at Quebec was assailing the men who built them, and just across the way is a bright Parisian kiosk. An English tram car passes you with people sitting on its roof, and up the sidewalk comes a shaven pated friar, bare footed, save for sandals, his coarse frock gathered with a wisp of rope, a pouch hanging from his shoulder, and he plods straight on, making no recognition of the men and little children who step out of his path and lift their hats to him. The English flag is flapping above your head, Lord Nelson and Queen

Victoria look down on you from monumental pedestals, but you ask the way to your hotel and the interrupted wayfarer replies with a puzzled look, "*Je n'entends pas, m'sieu.*"

Except in physical growth I noted few changes in Montreal in the last ten years. The streets were a little cleaner, the water front was a little dirtier and more crowded, there was a fine new railroad station on Windsor street, whence trains left town on an elevated road through the built up district, the French and Irish quarters were ten years the worse for wear, the restaurants were as bad, the ale was as warm and the mud larks had learned to whistle "Annie Rooney." One change I was sorry to see: the abolition of the one story huts that used to lean against the old church of Our Lady of Succor. That edifice has been primped up and provided with sheet iron stoves, the virgin and child over the door are freshly gilded, and the steep street running past it to the river has been widened by the removal of the huts referred to—a sacrifice of picturesqueness—while of the houses that abutted against the end of the church only one seems to preserve the original estate and that is the place where the priests live and sell relics and sit on the balcony. One ought to spend a little time at Bonsecours market just to see the types: the fat British, the stalwart Canadians, the quiet Indians, the gay, swarthy, chattering Frenchmen and the sprinkling of Americans and traders from the shipping of all nations moored along the quays. Big as the market is the individual trade in it does not seem extensive and you are puzzled by such signs as "Oysters by the dozen, quart or glass." Whoever heard of a glass of oysters? An American would as soon think of ordering beer in a soup plate.

The English Canadian and the French Canadian, though both may have sprung from ancestors who landed here a hundred years ago, preserve the ancient, mutual distrust that their kin hold of each other beyond the sea. The Frenchman, like another representative of the Gallic race, will not forget that the Englishman "downed" him many years ago; he recollects how cruelly the red coats misused the Acadians when the latter were driven from their peaceful settlements; he remembers the scoffs at his religion and the attempt to lure his children into godless schools. The Englishman, in all ways the stronger, is not active or revengeful in his dislike; he regards the Frenchman as an unruly child, toward whom he bears no ill will, but whom he is obliged to spank occasionally for the sake of peace and order. A Canadian official with whom I talked on this subject said: "Why can't these Frenchmen accept the inevitable? It is true that they were conquered, but that was 130 years ago, and I think it is time to forget it. We

wish them well and we govern them better than they could govern themselves, but they insist that we are plotting against their peace. Pshaw! We are Canadians, not Englishmen, and we want them to be Canadians, too. But their church holds them together. Their priests hold absolute sway over them. No public measure can be carried through with their assistance until the church finds that there is nothing hostile in it to the clerical interests. It is secret, but it is effective—this church rule. Nobody knows who issues the orders, but they are issued, and in places where the French outnumber us we are simply helpless. The bishop in his diocese controls the people in their homes, the children in their schools, legislators in the provincial assemblies."

"But," I said, "they are a quiet, harmless people."

"Quiet enough, but not harmless. They are tractable to church influence, but they combine against all political advance. Every step of progress that Canada has made has been hampered by the French, who hang back from it like a dead weight. They have no public spirit, they have no desire for liberty or enlightenment, they will oppose a good measure for no reason except that the English Canadians favor it. Still we ought to be satisfied, I suppose, that it can never come to open war between us. They realize their own weakness and only make war by policy. The mass of them are plodding, steady going and contented, and in that respect they are quite unlike another race of people with a grievance."

I also held some talk with an official of French extraction. He was polite but positive. "Ze people here zey no better zan in ze states. Ze buddle aldermen come here from New York. Bien, we have plenty buddlers here. You sink zese fellows (the English Canadians) make honest contract? No! I know myself zey do not. You sink zey work for nossing? Ha, ha. Beau-coup de buddle—plenty buddle in Canada. No, sare, ve do not like ze Engleesh. For why zey interfere of us? Ze French are quiet people. Zey ask us to be loyal to England. Bah! Vat ve care for England? Vat zey care for England? Ze queen, ze Prince of Wales—vat ve care for zem? Hein! Nossing. Would ve go to be of ze United States? Bien, I sink so. Ze American flag, you see it much in Canada, on ze houses, in parades. Between Engleesh and American ze French like ze American."

It is likely that this is true, and there is little doubt that if the destiny of Canada be that of annexation to the states instead of the establishment of an autonomy—and one of these two things is reasonably sure—the French, out of pure hostility to the English, would favor the separation of the provinces from England and their attachment to the Union. The American flag is more often seen in Canada than the British

flag is seen in our republic, and in the great dining room at the Windsor hotel, which is a state ball room when royalty comes to town, the Canadian arms in the decorations are flanked on one side by the French fasces and the shield and eagle of our land. There is a Grand Army post in the city, and when "Held by the Enemy" was played at the Royal theater the other night the boxes were draped in our colors and one of the actors, who was a veteran of the civil war, was publicly presented by this post with its badge and some flowers. American newspapers circulate through the provinces and the people there know more of our affairs than we do of theirs—a flattering token, perhaps, that ours are best worth knowing. Yet for that very reason the Canadians ought to be content. That nation is happiest that has no history, and if I were a Canadian I believe I should oppose annexation for the sake of keeping out of a stew of politics. Going from New York to Montreal is like going from a boiler shop into a cornfield, or Philadelphia; it is like the fragrant fall of lather in the Turkish bath after the mauling of the shampooer. Its atmosphere is peace. You put a letter in the post office and the postal authorities think about it for two or three days before they send it, but that is the same all over the provinces, and of fourteen letters that I mailed in different Canadian towns only four have been sent to the people I wrote them to. The others may be along during the approaching winter. As to the letters that were written to me, not one was delivered, but I have not yet acquired influence and wealth enough to justify me in bothering the Canadian government with trifles like papers and letters and the checks that were not inclosed in them. Then in the matter of politics. You are told that Saunders MacAllister is rousing the Scotch at the west end in his campaign for the position of ward constable, but nobody seems to care. It is certain that Pierre Peaudevin has taken the field in his own behalf in the struggle for chief clerkship in the appraiser's office, but Pierre Peaudevin is the only man who is losing sleep on account of it. That grand old war horse of the Dem—of the conservative party, the Honorable Phelim O'Connor, is sounding the trumpet of reform—I never knew a common horse to blow a trumpet, but a war horse can do anything—and is gathering about him the forces that shall sweep him triumphantly into the office of assistant sewer inspector in the second district; in other words, Phelim is going through the barrooms begging for votes, and the city papers dismiss the circumstance with a line. Why, that is no way to run politics. When you have politics you must yell and swear and call people liars and give up your business and make other folks give up theirs. If MacAllister or Peaudevin or O'Connor were in Brooklyn their

names would blaze from transparencies and newspaper head lines; men would throw up their situations for the sake of assembling and talking about them; their histories, their hopes, their views would be published and canvassed, and if they got the places they were watching for they would earn volumes of praise and criticism. The newspapers in Canada don't seem to realize the value of all this, so Canadian politics are insipid. They will not even let you get drunk on election day up there.

I made the tour of the larger churches, excepting the great domed copy of St. Peter's that seems no nearer completion than it did years ago and that is still nailed up. The frescoes on the church of the Gesu are growing shabby and the plaster is showing through. Something has happened there, for the price list of prayers and services for souls in purgatory has been taken down. The cavernous interior of Notre Dame has been touched up with gilding and gingerbread, not in the best of taste, but it will be a hard matter to beautify this building. It was intended to be like Notre Dame in Paris, but it isn't, much, and the introduction of galleries has been an injury to it, architecturally, though it has increased the room. Everything about it is big including its towers, which you can ascend, its collections and its twelve ton bell. It is still claimed that 15,000 people can get in here, but Montreal's quarter of a million are so well provided with churches elsewhere that there is seldom an attempt of 15,000 people to get into Notre Dame. Perhaps the densest crowd on Sunday is to be found in St. Patrick's; still unless you are used to it the atmosphere there during mass is too rich to breathe often. The implicit faith of the French in this century of doubt is almost affecting. Enter any church and you will see mild faced, silver haired old women at the boxes confessing—what? I wonder—and demure and pretty girls at prayer. At the altar "For the Reparation of Blasphemy and Sacrilege" in Notre Dame five people were kneeling at one time. What mischief had they been up to, do you suppose? Nuns and priests are everywhere, and walls of convents and monasteries, of hospitals and refuges and parsonages give austerity to the view in many quarters. But the clergy themselves are not of need austere; in fact, two priests that I saw swinging down the street with Prince Albert coats buttoned over their black frocks, chimney pot hats slanted at one side of their heads, canes in their hands and cigars in their mouths were such exemplars of sound feeding and beaming humor that next to being a politician I thought it must be lucky to be a priest.

McGill college, sweetly embowered in trees and spread about with lawns, has the true scholastic quiet and is no doubt a worthy institution,

though liberty of entrance to strangers who might wish to see the collections and the grounds would not hurt the students. At the touch of a shakel the doors of the natural history museum swung open to me, albeit I was wearing a flannel shirt, and I spent an hour in admiring the small but well arranged and representative exhibit. The scientific enthusiasts of the Brooklyn institute would have enjoyed it. There are ammonites from England with the original nacre glowing like opals in sunlight, while others have cavities filled with dog tooth spar, each crystal as large as a filbert kernel; a crystal of shene from Renfrew that weighs about 100 pounds; crystals of apatite larger than a man's thigh; and crystals of mica a yard across, with variety of ores and useful minerals whereof the wealth of Canada is great, though as yet unmeasured. From the college it is a pleasant saunter along Sherbrooke street where the aristocrats live, and they live in excellent style, not in a jam of brown stone as on Fifth avenue, but in solid yet cozy houses of granite with abundance of flowers, trees and grass about them and conservatories attached, that green things may be kept about them through the long Canadian winter.

Montreal's park on Mount Royal is broad and beautiful and it pays to go there, if only for the view. You can get up on foot, or a wagon will take you for a couple of dollars, or the cable cars will haul you there for a few cents; and for a few cents more you can climb the tower at the top, as you should do. On a clear day the panorama from this lookout is delightful. The wooded dome of the mountain is heaved up beneath you, a twin height at a little distance showing equal luxury of foliage and amid it the white monuments of a cemetery; northward is a great stretch of fertile plain dotted with farmhouses and threaded by silvery waters; the city spreads from the edge of the mountain to the river, compact below and thinning toward Hochelaga—the original Montreal and quaintest part of town—the spires of dozens of churches lifting out of the masonry and patches of green softening the stony gray of it; the broad St. Lawrence flows past the city, spanned by the famous tubular bridge and visible from the rapids of Lachine to many miles below; white villages and tin clad steeples light its green shores, and well beyond it rise the bulky mountains of the Green and Adirondack systems, rounded forms and sharpened peaks vanishing into cloudlike masses on the far horizon. Descending through streets where French and English signs denote the duality of the populace, I finished my day's stroll with that ineffable ministration known as a perfect gorge, at the Windsor. Then I went out and saw the town.

On the Canadian Pacific.

There is one betokening of American influence in Montreal and that is the acceptance there of American money. Uncle Samuel's promise to pay anybody a dollar who will go to the Washington treasury and ask for it has the same potency in Montreal that it has in New York. The dollar itself, with a buzzard on it, is known to be worth only 80 cents or thereabouts and a good many shopkeepers object to it, but our paper is worth its advertised value everywhere across the border. To my surprise I received a good deal of change—a good deal in the comparative, not the actual sense, for except in diet I never received a good deal of change in my life—in the form of American coppers and nickels, and to my greater surprise I could "work these off" on some tradesmen. Hence, when I went to the Canadian Pacific "sleeper" office and asked for \$20 worth of slumber and luxury between Montreal and Vancouver the bill that had the Battle of Lexington printed on it was just as politely accepted as though it had been twenty of those cheap and miscellaneous shinplasters with unrecognizable foreigners printed on them, that at first handling always made me fear that I had got hold of a lot—that is, comparatively a lot—of counterfeits. Canadian bills are useful, but they are not ornamental, and they come from so many different banks that it is something of a trial to use them—though more of a trial not to be able to.

I went aboard the transcontinental express at nightfall and found myself assigned to a lower berth in the car that was to be my home for nearly a week, and a comfortable home it proved to be. You might as well travel as sit in the house now a days, especially if you live in a high priced house. The average train that crosses the British dominion from Montreal to Vancouver and back comprises the mail and baggage car, an ordinary day coach, three or four emigrant cars, with seats convertible into beds at night, and a "sleeper." All through the day a dining car accompanies the train, a new one being hitched on every morning, and excellent meals are served on them. The "sleepers" are cheerful and handsome, upholstered in grayish olive, finished in a red wood to a height of about four feet from the floor, and above that in maple inlaid with figures in brass and mother of pearl. The berths are somewhat roomier than those on the Pullman cars and the four in the center fold up lengthwise, turning them into sofas through the day. There is a bathroom, too, and some confirmed Britons take a splash in the morning with the water just above freezing and the cold

Canadian atmosphere turning their rhinoceros hides into goose flesh. Krupp steel is used for wheels, the tracks are patrolled and watched with unusual care and the result has been that the Canadian Pacific, like the Cunard line, has never lost a passenger. This is the longest railroad in the world, and the only one on which a train runs unbroken for over 2,900 miles. The extreme length of the road, from Halifax to Vancouver, is 3,684 miles. It has taken \$79,000,000 to build it, and before the job was completed the government gave it up, turning it over to a syndicate that agreed to lay the remaining track within a specified time, and did it, receiving in return an empire in western lands. This road has put new life into Canada and has a great mission to perform in the development of a region that half a dozen years ago was almost as unknown as Greenland. Withal, it had an easier time in getting to the Pacific than either of our roads did, for the mountain passes are lower and more open than those of Colorado and Montana, even in the Selkirk, where the steepness of the peaks requires a great deal of squeezing and squirming on the part of the track, the height attained being hardly more than half that reached by the Union Pacific road at Sherman, Wyoming, and a third of that to which a train has to climb in crossing Marshall Pass, Colorado. Reports have come in of a pass in British Columbia, well to the north, that is still lower, and engineers are scrambling through it with a view to seeing where a track can be put. Until that track is laid the Canadian Pacific has the distinction of being nearer the North pole than any other American road.

One thing about it is worthy of imitation on our side of the border, and that is the respectable behavior of the hired men. They are under command to treat passengers like human beings, and for an infraction of this order they are as apt to lose their places as if they had left a switch open. You can request a porter to bring you an extra blanket; you can ask a conductor what time you reach Craigellachie, and you can tell a waiter to please to give you another cup of coffee, without seeing those functionaries turn their backs on you or hearing a saucy and irrelevant answer. This state of things makes travel a surprise and a refreshment. There is a tradition that when the cars leave a station they shall not stop until they get to the next one—barring, of course, the event of an obstruction on the rails—and there is a rumor, possibly founded on fiction, that a division superintendent who once got off at a water tank to stretch his legs while the iron horse took a drink, stretched them so far as to lose the train. He tried to catch it, and the coyotes grinned from the hill tops as they saw a red, wild person, with broken necktie and

horizontal coat tails, careering over the earth in hopeless pursuit of an express. The chase, however, was less hopeless than it seemed, for the conductor, happening to step to the smoking room door, saw the plight of his superior and signaled to the engineer, who came to a halt. Then the superintendent scrambled aboard and discharged the conductor for stopping. There is another feature of this road that is different from any other, and that is the use of twenty-four hour time on the divisions west of Port Arthur, the terms A. M. and P. M. being abolished. Some of the clocks have movable figures, a second set, numbering from 13 to 24, coming into view after the noon hour has passed, and other clocks have the second series of figures in a circle outside the ordinary dial. I saw none that gave the twenty-four hours in a continuous band. At first this sort of thing confuses you and when you are told that you will arrive at Leamchou at 18:27 or at Kanloops at 23 o'clock, you invariably subtract 12 from these figures to find what they stand for by your time-piece; but after getting the knack you see its advantage: an hour is not subject to two meanings and if you are told that a train goes at 11 o'clock you do not have to ask which 11 o'clock is meant.

The cars were pulled out from Montreal quietly, and after traversing some miles of streets, with electric lights flashing in at intervals through the windows, and getting a glimpse of the shops and cattle sheds at Hochelaga, we sped over fertile fields dotted with stone houses and lined with poplars, showing dim in moonlight. At Sainte Therese—or it might have been Sainte Rose or Saint Augustin or Saint Hermas or Saint Scholastique or Saint Martin, for you never realize how many good people have lived in this world until you look at a map of Canada—there was a wait for an express from Saint Lin or Saint Eustache or Saint Jerome or Sainte Anne or Saint Polycarpe or Saint Lambert or Saint Felix or Saint Smith or some of those people, and a few of us strolled out on the track. There were high jinks in the forward emigrant car, for a party of French Kanucks had taken possession of it and were having a ball—several balls, in fact—inside. One genius, with his coat off, was sawing a fiddle, marking time for himself with a prodigious whack of his broad soled boots on the floor; several others were passing beakers of gin about the social circle; one or two were endeavoring to sing, though there was more gin than music in their voices; a few critics sat around and made fluent and able remarks on the way the festivities ought to be conducted, and in the aisle three or four stalwart fellows were hoeing it down in fine style to the jiggling of the violin. The dancer who could waltz the floor so as to produce the loudest noise was regarded as the best artist, and between his waltzing and the applause the din was surprising. One of the liveli-

est dancers was a man of 60 with a gray beard flowing over his checked flannel shirt and his trousers hoisted nearly to his armpits, who shuffled and kicked and leaped and raised a racket with his feet that was like the crash of a weaving mill, all the time preserving the gravity of a judge, and "irrigating" from a dark brown flask in his moments of repose. I turned to a fellow passenger and remarked, "Those Frenchmen are like a lot of children."

"Yes damn 'em," was his only comment.

At midnight there was a gleam of electric lights from foggy water and a good deal of timber piled about the neighborhood; that was Ottawa. The Frenchmen had danced and tumbled themselves to sleep by that time, and the thunder of their boots no longer came to us when there was a halt at the stations. When day broke we had left the Saints and Saintes behind, and tokens of English and Scotch occupancy were offered in names like Mackey, Rockliffe, Rutherglen and Callender, mixed with French and Indian mementos like Deux Rivières, Eau Claire, Petewawa, Mattawawa and Nosbonsing. At breakfast there was a general sizing up of each other by the passengers, for several had come aboard during the night, and over the tables and in the smoking room began those friendships that are sincere enough and warm enough to endure beyond the trip on which the people are thrown together. By an instinct of natural or social selection the people aggregate, yet they do not form cliques, as on shipboard, for there is not room enough. Everybody is genial and courteous, and even the Englishman on board will associate with the folks in the next berth, if you don't hurry him. And on a long trip like this you are bound to meet with interesting people. There was a big man with a yellow beard and a checked cap that I at once set down in my mind as a Briton after buffaloes. He was not. He was German by birth, American by education, Canadian by adoption, and an astronomer by calling—a man whose food agreed with him, whose sleep refreshed him, who was an industrious smoker, a racy talker, a genial philosopher and a jolly good fellow. There was a banker with a solid jaw, the only passenger beside myself who made a "straight jump" from Montreal to Vancouver. There was an Irish landlord with an opinion of the Irish peasantry quite different from that entertained by the New York papers at election time. There was a British hunter with a title and lot of firearms, who wore Scotch stockings outside of his leggings. There was his sister, the Honorable Miss M., who had quiet manners, big eyes, a simple dress and a low, cool speech. I picked some wild flowers for her on the prairie and she said, "Thanks, very much," in a tone so delightful that I did not think of parsing her sentence until afterward. There was an English lieutenant with a boy's

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complexion who shaved every day with mystifying accuracy, wore white flannel clothes and a straw hat, in which he shivered and said "Oh"! and "Ah"! and "Really"! whenever anything was said to him. There was a lieutenant in the British navy, and here is a census of what he had on the seats and floor that he occupied: A huge valise, two hat boxes, two hats, two coats, eleven books, one paper, two pillows, one stool, one spittoon, one fish pole, one alpenstock, one cane, one umbrella, one roll of papers and two bags. There were two women who came on in a dreadful teddy about checks, trunks, tickets, bundles, berths, telegrams and time tables, who calmed down over night and took their sustenance out of a basket. There was a bright and well schooled young fellow who was going out to see some prairies that his father had bought, and an English young fellow who was usually stationed behind a pipe, bound for Swift Current to have a taste of ranch life. There was a gaunt woman who ate six meals a day, nibbling at fruit and cake and brewing tea over a spirit lamp between times. There was the superintendent of the Canadian experimental farms, a quiet, friendly man who knows enough about botany and agriculture for two or three common people. There was a large, flat faced bishop who wore breeches, an apron and a hat with strings reeved through the brim, who wanted to be kind to everybody and who in the afternoon would tilt toward anyone that he was talking with and go to sleep, breathing heavily for several seconds, then waking and catching the thread of the discourse in time to make another remark before dozing again. Two or three boys who came aboard as demure as cherubs and in a few minutes were roaring through the train like two legged cyclones, charging into people's stomachs, jouncing on their toes and tumbling off the platforms, completed the list of notables. We just missed having the private car of W. C. Van Horne put on, I was told, and the two young women said they should so like to have met him.

I asked the astronomer, "Who is W. C. Van Horne?"

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Did you ever hear of George Washington?"

"The name has a sort of familiar sound."

"Perhaps you remember Christopher Columbus?"

"I never knew him, but as you mention him it seems to me that I do recall his name."

"Well, W. C. Van Horne is a bigger man than either. He's the president of this road."

It is a triumphant thought that not only are the rails and rolling stock of this Canadian railroad made in the States, but its president comes from Wisconsin.

It was a rough country that we were going

through when we awoke and that we kept going through for the rest of the day. The misty and romantic valley of the Ottawa was followed for some miles, with villages gathered about saw mills on its tributaries and immense floats of timber seasoning in the pools. At Mattawa, a small, disorderly settlement of unpainted houses perched on glacier worn ledges and boulders and overlooked by a church with a zinc spire that was intended to be impressive, the hunting and fishing country is entered, for to the north of here is nothing but wilderness, clear to the shores of Hudson bay—an untrodden wilderness of granite and pine, with a labyrinth of streams and lakes, haunted by game and stocked with fish. The lakes here are still and beautiful, overhung by trees and dotted with rocky islands; inviting places to camp, despite the sticky, bothersome black fly, and places that will be bordered with summer homes in the future, for here the air is sweet, the country picturesque and healthy, the climate cool, timber unlimited and in the hollows and troughs of the land, where soil has formed, something to eat can be raised and raspberries grow in plenty. Some sheltered acres are already in cultivation, for Scotch crofters, Norwegians, Finns and Icelanders have begun to settle in Canada, and a few of them have camped down in this hard country, living in log cabins, plastered with mud, or in tents, pending the construction of houses. Lake Nipissing, on whose shore the train pauses, is a big sheet of water, with no land horizon as you look in some directions and with one or two steamers plying along the gray distance. At one place a man had driven his horse and wagon into the lake and was standing there filling a barrel with water—a queer performance when you notice how abundant water is everywhere. Beyond this lake it is rock and pond and forest for 500 miles—a dark and lonesome land. Any settler who wishes eighty acres of it has only to say so at an Ontario land office, and he can have it. There is some lumbering in this region, and would be more if the United States would stop protecting its own timber and thereby destroying its forests. At Sudbury rich nickel veins are worked and copper is found here too, the ores being smelted near the workings. Onaping is a station of the Hudson's bay company: a whitewashed cabin of logs with a flag flying before it, some shacks and Indian tepees in the neighborhood, a few "huskies," or wolf dogs prowling about and troughs and canoes on the ponds and streams. The Vermilion river roars fiercely through a gorge near this point, and the country near Biscotasing, Woman river and Nemegosenda is stony and stern, burnt forest adding to its wildness. We saw the iron dumps at Windermere—fresh token of a mineral wealth that may yet give to Canada a wonderful prestige—then the light gave out and our first day on the rail was over.

Along Lake Superior.

The second morning of the trip over the Canadian Pacific railroad breaks amid wild and beautiful scenery, for by that time the train has reached Lake Superior and is beginning its long and tortuous course along the north shore of that vast and lonesome inland sea. This, as every American knows, is the largest body of fresh water in the world, and it is a source of amazement to the Englishmen whose lakes at home are little seven by nine affairs, just big enough to row on. From dawn until 3 o'clock in the afternoon you roll along its upper indentation, now on a shelf a hundred feet or more above the water, then cutting through a hill of solid rock in a gorge or tunnel, anon creeping along spidery trestles that span the ravines of rivers, and whirling through a tract of tough and ragged forest; you box the compass in your progress, tacking this way and that to get around great dikes of trap and uplifts of red granite, or hug the sides of valleys or wind around the heads of chasms; but ever at the southward is the shoreless stretch of green water, undimmed by smoke, unspecked by sail, except that of an infrequent fishing smack in the coves, and lapping against precipitous capes and islands. A grim tradition has it that this sea never gives back its dead, for the cold of the water preserves the body and prevents the generation of gases that usually bring a drowned man to the surface. The engineering work is here more difficult than in the Rockies, because of the toughness of the rock and precipitous character of the upheavals. In time the line will be straightened by the building of trestles and tunnels, but, as it is now, one travels over quite a bit of country in going ahead a mile. The rocks rise sheer, hundreds of feet above the water in many places, and make almost as bold and picturesque a stretch of coast as you will find in the maritime provinces. At Jackfish Bay the road describes an enormous curve, leagues in length, between the capes, and the valleys opening northward are seen to be hemmed by great walls of basalt, splintered along their faces like the Hudson palisades and the East rock at New Haven. In soggy land that lies in hollows there is a bristly growth of bushes; beds of peat and moss are starred with wild flowers and Labrador tea, while the ledges are half concealed by thickets where raspberries hang ripe for six weeks after New Yorkers have had their last dish of them. I never could under-

stand why fruit should be sent northward in such desperate haste at the beginning of the season and never sent southward at the last of it. Within four hours' ride of us the rustics eat strawberry shortcake for at least a fortnight after the berries have disappeared from city markets. One of these days some enterprising grower at the north will send his fruit to town after the New Jersey and Long Island vines are stripped, and will make money.

Most of the berry picking in the British territories appears to be done by Indians, and it is a hopeful sign that these people can steady down to even that light work. Along this Lake Superior shore they also do a good deal of fishing, and they penetrate the wilderness to northward in search of game for food and fur. The streams flowing into the lake abound in trout—we had some five pounders for breakfast—and from the deep water are taken whitefish and lake trout, some of the latter weighing thirty-four pounds. On the return journey we were delayed for twenty-two hours by an accident to a bridge ahead of us and passed most of the time at Port Coldwell, 820 miles from Montreal, a hamlet of six or eight cabins and a tentful of Indians. When it was announced that the train would be a day late there was a passing disposition to use loud language, but it is remarkable how good natured American travelers are when you take them in the mass, and how philosophically they accept the inevitable. In fifteen minutes the cars were deserted and their occupants were scrambling over the hills after berries. Some afterward went boating on the lake, others took long tramps on the track, for there are no roads, and, so far as I could see, no horses or oxen to drive over them; two or three borrowed hammers and went to whacking the cliffs for minerals, discovering small but beautiful fans of pectolite, white prehnite, natrolite, large crystals of hornblende and the most varied assortment of feldspar that I ever saw. The gorgeous coloring of the domes and promontories that line the shore is due to metallic oxides, mostly iron, in the rock, and it would make a beautiful building stone. It is not a true granite, for mica appears in it but sparingly, and the feldspar is scarlet, flesh colored, purple brown, gray, greenish, white and yellow, giving remarkable vivacity and brilliancy to the foreground of the landscape. But while scenery, flowers, berries, minerals, boating and tramping allured many of the company, most of them went fishing. There is a fjord that heads in at Port Coldwell, and two or three sheds have been set up on the edge of it for convenience in the boxing and barreling of fish. Refuse from these packing sheds lodges on the shore, and in the spring bears come down to feed on it, showing themselves freely within pistol shot of the in-

habitants. Here lines and bait were secured, and in the enthusiasm of fishing so few of the travelers showed up at noon that the dining car had only five or six guests at lunch. When they returned, scratched, wind reddened, wet footed and triumphant, with several pounds of speckled trout dangling from their hands, they vowed their complete indifference to accidents and time tables, and would willingly have stayed a week if their meals could have been assured.

For myself, I found it a joy merely to pace the edge of the rocks that hang above the lake and to be alone with the red crags, the emerald water, the rushing streams, the unfathomed woods; to hear the lash of breakers and sough of the gale; to feel the glow of sun and sting of wind; to be an animal. Yet, to be an animal is not to be a brute. While your body basks in the warmth and freshness of nature's eternal youth, the town worn senses are enlivened to new perceptions and new affinities. Things of the moment are held at their worth, for what in such a place is the picayune rule of man? The eternal verities of these hills shame politics and policies. The individual is here thrown back upon himself and stands at the threshold of a normal life, while in the spotless heaven above and the bounteous, lovely earth beneath he reads the ever written promise to his spirit. Who has not nursed the thought that this worry, this haunting and this strife are but a dream from which we shall awake in a golden time of liberty and youth—glowing as the summer, perpetual as the hills? Such promptings come to us from nature, and when we heed them the earthly hours are turned to heavenly days.

The villages on the lake are settlements of board and log houses of recent date, some daubed with mud and plaster, some sheathed with paper, one or two in each place bearing the sign, "Hotel." A sensitive man would be excused for shuddering as he thought of their accommodations. These hamlets are so infrequent and so small that they merely accentuate the loneliness of the region, and the eye is left free most of the time to contemplate its beauty. There are people, however, who go here, as everywhere, without thinking it worth while to look at the world around them. Commander McCalla, of our navy, after getting into trouble through the ill treatment of his sailors, escaped from public notice by going to Canada—a country that many other people have resorted to when oppressed by bashfulness—and took a trip over this road. As the train ran along the lake, with its billows flashing in the morning sun, one of his fellow passengers cried, enthusiastically, "Look there!" Mr. McCalla, without lifting his eyes from a novel that he was reading, murmured, "Yes, I noticed it before," and evinced a desire not to be bothered any further with such matters.

"There was a man and woman on one of these trains who didn't seem to care for scenery either," added an old traveler after this narration. "They had the stateroom and would often go in there and stay two hours while we were going through the best of all this. Matter? Nothing: Bridal couple." The natural charms of such a journey are heightened rather than divided by the talk of good natured people who are supplied with tale and gossip, and there was a symposium every afternoon and evening in the smoking room—a canny place to sit, for the rearward view was wide and clear. The astronomer, especially, was anecdotal, for he was one of those rolling stones that had gathered brightness from many quarters of the world. He holds that astronomers have to put up with a great deal from strangers—as much as strangers may have to put up with from astronomers, and he added that the scientist who presides over one of the biggest telescopes in the country was undertaking to show to a lady the wonders of the heavens, on a summer evening, and had trained the tube on Jupiter. His visitor was in raptures, and as he talked of the bands and moons of that giant planet, the immensity of its orbit and the length of its year she punctuated his remarks with exclamations of "How charming!" "How lovely!" "How perfectly delightful!" while the astronomer flattered himself that he had found a woman of appreciation and intelligence. In the lull that followed his peroration his guest asked sweetly, "And what is that little round bright spot, almost in middle?"

"That's Jupiter," groaned the astronomer.

Another: the narrator, who was recently in the northwest, conducting a series of observations, excited great interest in his landlady, who took the liberty of calling at his observatory one evening with a friend, and introducing her. "Mrs. H. wants to ask you a question, professor," she said.

"Yes," said the new comer. "I found you had a telescope, and I thought I'd call around to see if you told fortunes."

"I'm not an astrologer, madame."

"Why! But you've got a telescope."

"True, and I could tell your fortune, perhaps, if it were not for one little difficulty."

"What is it?"

"You are about a century too late."

At about 14 o'clock on our second day we reached the northwest corner of Lake Superior, environed with the hills and capes of Thunder bay, with Pie island, suggestive of a mutton pasty in its outline, rising gray blue at a distance. Here is Port Arthur, a city of the future, a doleful muddle of new and old, for the most part, but with good promise in the new and five or six thousand men and women in new and old together. Additional tracks have just been laid

here to accommodate the cars that come in from Manitoba and Alberta, laden with the biggest yield of wheat that ever was known in Canada, and to hold it all have been built mountainous elevators, here and in the neighboring town of Fort William. The steamer lines that come up the lakes end their trip here, bringing passengers and taking away these crops. Kaministiquia river—accent on the qui—flows into the lake at this point and is broad and deep enough to be navigable for quite a distance. Here we put our watches back an hour, for we have caught up with the sun's course to that extent and are sure to have the better appetite for dinner and at 14:30 o'clock we start west again. Basaltic capes and islands, Sleeping Giant, Mount Mackay, Isle Royal and others rise at the south, and behind Thunder cape is Silver Islet, from which a little company has taken loads of riches. Fort William, a place of nearly two thousand people, is an upgrowth from a Hudson bay company's post that was planted here a century ago and the fur house is still standing, only it is a shed for a hoisting engine.

Beyond Fort William it is wilderness again for several hundred miles, a rough and stony country, covered with gnarled forest and low scrub brightened with flowers and the flash of ponds and streams, a land of falling waters and a place of wealth in metals. Near Murillo the Kaministiquia makes a longer jump than Niagara, and other streams have their clear, brown depths whitened with froth of falls and rapids. Stations occur at intervals that average twelve miles, but most of them are water tanks and footprints—little else. Those that make a show of settlement contain a dozen huts and cabins and at two or three of them a chapel betokens the presence of priests and missionaries. There were several of the latter on the train in plug hats and cleric robes who carried rattan canes, smoked fair cigars and wore beards, because the severity of the climate is regarded as excuse for not appearing with shaved faces. They are less sleepy and greasy than their brethren in the province of Quebec and have a manlier look. As I marked their spare forms and eager faces and thought of the palaces farther east where luckier priests are housed, a memory of Vibert's sarcastic picture of "The Missionary's Story" came to mind. They are healthy folks out here, apparently, for we saw no graveyards, a few separate mounds on a distant hill top, each mound with rough palings about it, being the nearest approach to a cemetery. Some of the coarse, strong blood of northern Europe has been transfused into this region—Swedish, Norwegian and Icelandic—Upsala, Carlstadt, Finmark, Kalmar and Ingolf being names of places that indicate its presence, and the weather does not faze it, for it thrives in

our windy continental ranges and enlivening northern chill.

At Savanne there are eight houses, four tents, one water tank, ten Indians and eighty-seven dogs. The Indians and dogs are in the Hudson bay company's service, finding work through the winter in pulling sledges to and from the posts that lie in the ever frozen jungles of the North. The dogs are "huskies," mostly, and the wolf has not been tamed out of their natures. When yelping and leaping around a parcel of bones they remind you of beasts of prey. The Indians are graver and quieter in their demeanor, though not glum or ill tempered—for it is a mistake to suppose that Indians do not laugh—yet, peaceable as they are, they are related to the savagest people in our land, the cruelest, most treacherous. Centuries ago a branch of the Assiniboines went southward along the Rockies until they reached New Mexico and Arizona, where they stopped and multiplied, and having got the taste for blood by thrashing their way through opposing tribes have kept it ever since, for we call them the Apaches. Far apart as son and parent branches of the stock are now, the men who deal with northern Indians say that they have not forgotten how to be mean and tricky, and that the Apaches have merely had a tropical developing of the capacity for devilment that they owned before they emigrated. Civilization, though, will work its changes. Indeed these people have already become negligent in the matter of scalps, paying as little attention to other people's as they do to their own. A few of them have entered domestic service in the towns, and I saw two or three serious looking, brown faced women, with hair done up in braids, and calico replacing buckskin for their clothing, taking white babies out for an airing and frying doughnuts in the kitchen. They are said to make honest and faithful servants, but their ideas of cleanliness are as crude as Bridget's.

It is at Savanne that you see part of the flat boat fleet taken into these wilds by Lord Wolseley in 1870, when he went out to thrash the French Canadians who wanted independence. He crossed Lake Superior and came up to this point through the chain of lakes and rivers, then abandoned his boats, which are still in preservation, and went overland to the scene of the uprising. It was a little war and the fates were against the French and halfbreeds from the start, but it made some fame for Mr. Wolseley. Even Englishmen are beginning to regard him as a bit of a "blow."

There are more falls at Eagle River and in the rough, lonesome, rocky country thereabout. At the break of the third day there is a glimpse of the Lake of the Woods, another sea with wooded islands lifting through it, and nearly a thousand people at its outlet in Rat Portage running saw

mills or keeping house for those who run them, for the falls are here esteemed for water power, not beauty. The desolation of the land is seldom broken by settlement, and even after the heights break down to prairie and you come within an hour of Winnipeg the human beings to be seen are few and they wear no plug hats or clawhammer coats. There are vast acres between the wilderness and Red River, and beyond it, too, that would be in bearing if it were not for that curse of modern cities, the speculator, who is determined to live without work. He has grasped all of the country around Winnipeg that he can lay hands on, forcing the growers back from the town, the river and the railroad, and these lands are bare while thousands stifle in the tenements. God speed Henry George's doctrines, say I. These speculators, if they could, would hold the air for a "rise" and anchor toll houses on the Atlantic steamer tracks. Still, there is no present reason for lamenting, for out here there is room for 100,000,000 people, and they will come in good time.

In and Near Winnipeg.

Like most of the towns in the Canadian west, the city of Winnipeg has come to its present state by normal growth, made necessary through the development of natural resources in the region of which it is the capital. It is not a "boom" town, with more of it on paper than in fact, but a place of nearly thirty thousand people, with a permanent look about the buildings, a main street that is a wonder of breadth—every foot as wide as Pennsylvania avenue, I should think—a fire department on the New York model, tolerable hotels, handsome churches and (with 50,000 miles to spread in) flats! We entered the city from a well built station that displays signs in English, French, German, Hungarian and Swedish, that immigrants may know where and how to get the land offered by the government, and the astronomer and I set off to see what Winnipeg was like. Horse car fare and beer are high. That we learned in the first ten minutes, and you don't get a great deal for your money, either. In several places signs are displayed, giving the terms on which American silver is accepted, our coins being taken at about four-fifths of their face value, though our bills are current at par. Going toward the center of the city our way led along a row of dirty little shops where second hand clothing and small wares are sold. This, the Hebrew district, seems to be the only foreign quarter that there is, for the Frenchmen live by themselves in Saint Boniface, on the other side of Red river, and the British hope they will stay there. It was municipal holiday, and the shops were shut. Nobody could tell me what municipal holiday stood for. It was thought necessary to take a day off, and the people couldn't very well celebrate Fourth of July, you know, so they fixed a date and gave it a name, and there you are. Most of the shops were shut, the farmers were in town, the city folks out of it, a brass band, with red backs and black legs, played violently at a corner, flags flew from the house tops, a base ball game was advertised on the fences, and beneath it, in bold letters, were the words "God Save the Queen!" Nobody objects to having the queen saved, I presume, but why this prayer should be tacked to a base ball notice I do not see. Indeed, this whole business of toasting and praising Victoria and her innumerable and insatiable progeny seems to be kept going in order to make it appear as if royalty was doing something to merit saving, or was

earning its living, because anything that causes a noise is accepted as a thing with a mission.

We strolled across a field to an ancient and Spanish looking ruin, with pits in the ground about it where houses once had stood. This is all that remains of Fort Garry, which was Winnipeg nineteen years ago, with a hundred people living in it. The ruin is its old gateway and Indians had to go through it when they came to trade or to get a free lunch, passing the guards, who watched them through loopholes in the masonry as they approached, and who could, if it was thought advisable, kill them off as they entered, from a platform built just within the gate and still clinging to the crumbled wall. But the Indians were seldom shot, because the Hudson's Bay company could not afford to incur their enmity, for the reason that the Indians would have taken their scalps and left no furs to warm their skulls with. So the habit was formed of treating the red men like Christians, burying their peltry at half what it was worth and giving them a barrel of rum every New Year day, after first locking up their guns, so that they could have one good, soul satisfying, ornamental jamboree. While the Indians still have their New Year rum at posts further north, it is kept from them with great and expensive pains elsewhere and for the rest of the year—an aborigine with a barrel of rum and a weapon being regarded as a dispiriting circumstance on the frontier: a hindrance to the growth of crops and hair.

What a far away sound the Hudson's Bay company has! I am afraid it will continue to sound further away until it echoes only from the remote wilderness of Athabasca; what it lives by—the fur bearing animals—are disappearing, private enterprise is cutting into its trade and the Indians are wearing trousers; so its future is full of gloom. It has been a factor in developing wealth for England, in gaining the friendship of native races for English people, in extending knowledge of the country and in making possible the Canada of to-day. The white buildings that we see in making this passage of the continent, houses that stand in a clearing with a few huts and tepees around them and the bloody flag of Britain flaunting overhead, were planted here, some of them, before the sources of the Platte and Arkansas and Yellowstone were known; perhaps before Franklin, in the presence of the French court, had swept his pen through the words "Great American Desert," that denoted on a map almost all the West beyond the Mississippi. In the northern posts, or forts and factories as they are often called, the latter word meaning a place where traders or factors live, the half dozen people who man them have a hard time of it, enduring cold and darkness for more than half the year and seeing white men only once during

the other half, when the annual collections of furs are made. The astronomer, who has been up there, tells me that it is a stony wilderness all the way to the Arctic ocean, the watershed running down to the low shores of Hudson's bay, the trees growing smaller and smaller and human and brute life less strong and frequent. "It will never be good for anything," said he. "There are no fish, game, timber or minerals; therefore, it will never be populated. When I was going up through that region my guide would often say as he was driving the tent pegs in the evening—summer evening, mind—'We've struck rock again.' Then I would examine and find that it was merely frozen earth and ever frozen earth, for the sunshine does not strike a foot into the ground."

Into these wilds the first explorers came, soldiers and agents of the company chartered in 1662 by Charles II. "a company of adventurers for the purpose of trading in the country whose waters flow into Hudson's bay." Without other warrant than their enterprise and the absence of anyone to say them nay, they extended their field of operations until it covered all of British America, making gains that brought a rival down upon them in the North-west company. When these concerns had established their stations within reach of one another they began a war that lasted until a few years ago, the employes sallying over to neighboring posts with a crowd of Indians, whenever they thought their enemies were not looking, and after a few hours spent in burning, shooting and scalping, riding merrily home again. They don't have any more fun like that. The Hudson's Bay company has about 200 posts and it is represented by 200 shares, one-half of them owned in the old country, where they are held in certain families, the other being used by its commissioned officers during their service as temporary rewards. The governor lives in England; the commissioner's headquarters are in Winnipeg where, every three years, a council meets that is composed of the commissioner and the officers under him. The inspecting chief factor's business is to go all over the country every year, visiting each post, learning its condition, its needs, if any, hearing reports and giving orders, his travels taking him as far as Fort McPherson, on Peel river, within seventy-five miles of the Arctic ocean. The other commissioned officers are the chief factor, factor, chief trader and junior chief trader, each of whom holds part of a share, but also receives a guarantee that, in the chief factor's case, amounts to \$2,500 a year. Enlistment is for five years and the pay is small that for the first year amounting to only \$50 and increasing to \$200 in the fifth year, but each employe has his food and lodgings and a hope of promotion. The private is set to

work at ordinary tasks, beginning as a laborer or under clerk. Each chief factor has a large district under his control, for at some of the forts there are only two men. Even in York Factory, one of the most important stations, the white populace numbers but twenty or so, including mechanics, a minister and a doctor. Nearly all the food used there is sent from Montreal, excepting geese and white fish that are furnished in thousands by the Indians and salted down by the barrel for winter use. Through the winter there is but one mail and the carrier is an Indian who comes down to Winnipeg on snow shoes, while there is certain communication with the old country but once in open weather. Until trails were marked and the waterways were known it used to take seven years to make the circuit of all the forts in collecting pelts and sending around supplies. Think of waiting seven years for your next potatoes! Now the posts are reached every year, save a few more distant ones, that send their goods in every second summer. The unit of value in all trade with the red men is a beaver skin and it represents a purchasing power of 75 cents, the natives exchanging their catch of game, fish and fur for flour, tea, sugar, powder and blankets. In case of famine or ill luck they know that they can get something to eat at the posts, though the white men are sometimes hard pushed for themselves, and are fain to substitute Labrador tea for old hyson and to tone it with sweetish syrup from birch trees in place of sugar. At present the revenues of the Hudson's Bay company are larger from land than from trade, for when its territory reverted to the Dominion, it received millions of acres as a solace and compensation, the Canadian Pacific railroad getting 25,000,000 more.

Winnipeg has a plain but well appearing parliament house and official homes, the yellow limestone in general use giving a cheerful as well as a solid look to the streets. The city hall is of brick, with stone facings—a little too many of them, for the ambition of these young people has led them into such excess of architectural gingerbread that æsthetic indigestion is incurred in consequence. Before the city hall stands a monument erected to the soldiers who fell in Riel's little rebellion, which is also commemorated in chromos in the shops, illustrating how completely the English Canadians beat the French Canadians in that contest. It is not a very good monument, for it is modeled on some of ours, and shows a soldier standing at parade rest on the unlikely top of a shaft of stone. There are soldiers in Winnipeg not made of stone, yet as stiff in their backs and elbows as if they were: the mounted infantry, a part of the Canadian provincial army; for there are no British troops left in North America except at Halifax. The mounted

infantry occupy roomy, ordinary looking barracks in the southern part of the town, with an adjacent drill hall for winter use and a field large enough for battery and cavalry evolutions. The soldiers, more especially the officers, try to copy the English, not merely in their dress, which is red, white, black and blue, according to the time of day and the sort of work they are doing, but in that lofty "haw haw" manner of the newly commissioned lieutenant and the placid stare through one-half of an eyeglass. They likewise tip their forage caps over their right ears in the belief that it looks smart, and they have a strutting, turkey cock style that I am glad to see has never been imported into our army. It does not follow because a man is Canadian born that he is an Anglomaniac. Far from it. To the sensible folk of the provinces the spectacle of a straddling dude covered with conceit and checks, thrusting his elbows out, carrying a large timber cane and goggling at the world through a monocle, is as laughable as it is in New York.

The people to be met in Winnipeg are steady going, for the most part, and sturdy, healthy looking folk. A sober Mennonite from the Russian settlements passes you now and then, or a gay trooper from the barracks, or a naval officer sort of policeman, or a Frenchman from St. Boniface, quiet if alone, and hilarious if in company, or a plodding farmer or a smiling Chinaman, or a clothed and unregarded Indian—all types of the populace, which has little wildness in it. Almost the only hint of that luxuriance of disposition that exhibits itself in the delight in big things and sudden wealth was seen at a jeweler's, where nine tubs and buckets of watches were exposed for sale in the windows. It would never have come into the frugal eastern mind to sell watches by the tub. The show reminded me of that other jewelry shop, in San Francisco, where the frescoes on the ceiling were heightened in brilliancy by diamonds. It is pleasant to find that the Winnipeegers, or Winnipegans, or Winnipegites, or Winnipagos—I wonder which it is—enjoy flowers and trees, and that the yards of many of their humblest houses are radiant with color and full of fragrance. The fences of some of the cottages are almost covered with sweet pea vines. Miles of streets are edged with trees, among them the sugar yielding box elder or Manitoba maple. In the newer districts, where wealth is separating itself, as its fashion is, from the people, the houses are spacious and soundly built and stand in lawns and gardens. In many of these inclosures the original forest is untouched and runs to the edge of the earthy bluffs that restrict the channel of the Assiniboine, which flows into the Red at this point. Looking down the gully into its swift and muddy current, with

long grass flaunting in its shallows, one is surprised to learn that this was a great highway to the mountains in the days before the roads and rails were laid, and that steamers fought their way through the hurrying water for many miles. There was more water then than now, for one old settler assured me that in 1874 he had rowed his boat across the spot where the city hall now stands. Among the many private houses of striking aspect is one known as the Ross house, built by a man of wealth and recklessness, when pressed brick were selling here at 8 cents each. Whether he ruined himself with brick I do not know, but just as it was nearly finished he failed and moved away to get some more money, and the place is now occupied by a caretaker, who seems to take no care of it, for it is growing shabby.

We inspected one of the fire engine houses and found it little inferior in size, order and equipment to similar houses in Brooklyn. The beds were there, with boots and trousers beside them, ready to be tumbled into should an alarm sound; there was the sliding pole; there were card and reading rooms, and comfortable quarters for the horses, and there was a tower where lengths of hose were hung, for in the biting winters it would not do to allow water to remain in them. I climbed to the top of this tower by a narrow staircase and sat on the roof, which was unguarded by a rail, while the young fireman who showed me the way brought my heart into my mouth and would hardly give me time to swallow it, for he sat on the edge of the sloping eave, with his legs dangling over space, and now and then leaned forward to look into the street below; and all the time the ceaseless wind of this open country pushed him on the back. The view was wide, for the land is a level farther than one can measure in the highest flight of a balloon, and it is rich and green to the horizon. The city spread about us in orderly squares and a watery brightness in the north may have been the "loom" of Lake Winnipeg, or it may have been due to the mirage that played along the margin of the warm prairies and made the patches of wood resemble floating islands. Before the afternoon had wasted we were aboard the train again, speeding toward the unknown West for which Charles Kingsley says the hearts of all men hunger.

On Northern Prairies.

Leaving Winnipeg, the trains of the Canadian Pacific road traverse the prairie that stretches for a thousand miles east of the Rocky mountains, an expanse so green, so bright, so vast that the spirits swell with a new sense of largeness. The presence of great things seems, as Dr. Holmes says, to "stretch the mind," and to move a latent power of expansion in us. As you look on these plains, bounded only by the sky, it may be the sense of personal smallness that disposes you to resent the magnificence of nature and to assert your power by absorbing as much of it as possible. On our first night on this ocean like spread of land I stood for a long time on the platform rejoicing in the glorified solitude, for a gale was blowing, as it always does here, and into a cloudless, purple sky the moon was rising, full and golden like a world of fire. The British lieutenant, in fluttering white clothes, stood on the opposite platform, clutching the rail and growing blue in the wind, but fascinated with immensities of earth and sky. Suddenly he found words: "God! I want a horse! I want to get on his back and start him off there, and ride like the devil!"

The flatness of the prairie is apparent but not real, for there is a steady tilt toward the continent's backbone and Red river is at the bottom of a valley that is too wide to look like one. This westward rise is less marked than in our country, and partly because of that and partly because of the warm Chinook winds that flow in from the Pacific—leaving their moisture on the mountains, then dying in the rough contact of polar storms—the anomaly is presented of fertility hundreds of miles north of the sage brush and cactus deserts of Colorado, Utah and Wyoming; for in the province of Alberta there is better grazing than on the corresponding uplands of the south, and while the thermometer goes 40 and 50 degrees below zero in Manitoba, the Chinooks keep the snow swept from the benches that put out from the east side of the mountains. The isothermal lines take a northward bend just there, and though water is scant, except when the snow melts, there is grazing for live stock as far north as the latitude of Labrador. Think of the millions of buffalo they once supported—all gone now, their skulls and ribs piled in bleaching heaps at the stations, ready for transfer to the East and their crushing into fertilizers and their burning into bone charcoal for our sugar refineries. The Indians collect

their horns, polish them, wind a bit of fur and colored flannel about the wood that joins them and peddle them to passengers at a dollar a pair. I suspect that they are already mixing cow horns with them. A few hundred wood buffalo are left among the Rockies—larger and more wary than those of the plains—and hunters occasionally shoot them when looking for caribou, deer, moose, elk, wapiti, antelope, bear, beaver, mountain goats, big horn sheep, panthers, wolves, badgers and foxes, or even the buffalo's second cousin, the musk ox of a far north country. A few plains buffalo have been corralled at Stony mountain, near Winnipeg, to perpetuate their hapless race and also to breed them in with cattle. The offspring are said to have coats shaggy enough to make good wagon robes, but, like other mules, they are sterile, and they are charged with the vices of both their parents and none of their virtues.

Of the four legged game of this region we saw none from the train except badgers, fat and richly fringed, trotting through the grass. Hawks were always in sight, looking for young prairie dogs and having a harder time to find them than they would in Montana, for there are few of those colonies in Canada that deserve the name of dog villages. On the shallow, sedgy lakes there were ducks, geese, loons and gulls, as well as smaller birds that could not readily be made out. Swallows and blackbirds appeared in clouds, wheeling and swooping, glad when they found plowed land, to pick the worms out and chattering continually. The song birds that make gleeful music on the prairies of Kansas and Nebraska seemed to be silent here. Perhaps it is too cold for them, for, except where the Chinook winds reach, the winters fall early and stay long. In Regina the mercury has marked 52 degrees below zero, though in summer it was 140 degrees higher—a wider range of temperature than we get in New York. But sharp as the cold is the grass survives it and the earth is sunny with flowers, asters, golden rod and other cheery blossoms dotting the plains in August and September. The prairie is rich with heritage of dead organisms—animals that swam the ocean that once rolled across it, a sea where icebergs from the Adirondack and Laurentian glaciers floated westward on the current, laden with boulders from the hills. These souvenirs of travel were dropped where the ice melted on the eastern edge of the Rockies—you may see them there to-day—but those that fell in the central sea were buried when the sea bed turned to loam.

The prairie Indians of Canada are censused at 100,000, a preposterous number, no doubt, though it might fit the lake and mountain Indians beyond. They are a poor lot in this world's goods, but have a more contented, self reliant look than

the harassed people of our reservations. They have suffered less than our Indians, and if I were a Blackfoot—by the way, their feet are not black—or a Gros Ventre—their venties are not more gross than the average—I would emigrate beyond the border. I am better satisfied to be neither. At one place where fifteen or twenty of these tawny fellows were lounging about, clad in picturesque rag tags overlaid with gaudy blankets, trunketed with beads, shells and feathers and with faces liberally smeared with blue, ochre and vermillion, I asked of a settler, "What do these fellows do?"

"Die, principally," said he.

As direct and perhaps as truthful a reply as that of the frontiersman who, on being asked by a tenderfoot, "What do they raise here?" answered, "Mostly hell." The first forty miles west of Winnipeg is empty land, for speculators hold it and are waiting to screw a few more dollars out of the farmers who would like to buy it. For 130 miles the Assiniboine river is followed, and near it stands Portage La Prairie, where they make flour, biscuits, beer and paper, and where huge elevators stand to gather in the grain, for the wheat belt stretches 600 miles north of the border, and our farmers must look out for themselves when this tract is settled. When our Dakota fields are tiring these acres will be fresh and in good heart and only railroads will be needed to bring to the Canadian ports nearly as much wheat as Europe will call for. Several busy villages, six or eight miles apart, extend along the Assiniboine tract, Brandon, a place of 5,400 people, with brick and stone houses to live in, being the largest town between Winnipeg and the Pacific. We reached it at sunset and the entire population was standing beside the track to see the train come in. Railroads furnish the standard entertainment in some places. At Taunton, Mass., for example, the train that carries passengers from Boston to the Fall River boats is inspected every night by all the citizens who can spare time for it, just as in Easton, Pa., the inhabitants walk up and down the main street on Saturday evening to look at each other and fail of doing it for the density of the crowd. The Salvation army was holding forth beside the station in Brandon with two fiddles, a cornet, several tamborines and hysterical voices, and between the musical selections there were ungrammatical but fervent prayers and appeals to the mob to be good. Several of the speakers held themselves up to admiration as men who had got the best of the drink demon, and they urged their hearers to be equally admirable. These episodes, together with news that the constable lived in the poor house in order to draw his \$60 a month as board, having trouble in getting cash, are the only things that fix Brandon in

my memory, though it seems a pleasant, "likely" place enough.

We reach Moosomin at 23:12 o'clock and are then out of the province of Manitoba and in that of Assiniboia. This fact would fail to create any emotion if it were not for the entrance of a strapping fellow in British cavalry uniform, with his pot hat on his right ear and a pair of spurs clanking from his heels, who reaches after all the satchels he can see in the cars and shakes them. He does this to discover if they gurgle. And if one gurgles he will wake up its owner to demand why. If it is milk or ice water or medicine or soft soap that gurgles the passenger can go to sleep again and keep it, but if it is what Westerners call bug juice and pizzerinctum he must give it up. For the fellow in uniform is one of the Northwest mounted police and he is enforcing the liquor law. The Canadian government, knowing what Indians are when they are full of alcohol, has enacted a rigid law against the introduction of liquor in the Northwest territories, namely, Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabasca. Liquor cannot go through them, except in bond, and a white man cannot have wine or beer on his own table without a permit from the authorities, and then only in limited quantities. These provinces are related to Ontario, Quebec and other parts of the Dominion as our territories are related to the states. They have a small representation in the general parliament at Ottawa, but are ruled by a lieutenant governor and a council that meets in Regina. Their executive is in touch with the mounted police, who are at once soldiers, policemen, excisemen and customs officers. They number only 1,000 men, enough, apparently, to keep order, for they have the efficiency that all bodies have when they are not bound up in red tape.

In most countries the fierce dead beats that light about a throne are so strenuous in their demand for a personal share in the work of running things that laws and duties have to be invented for them, and the result is that courts and governments become expert in the art of how not to do it. There is nothing of that here. When a crime is committed it is punished. The administration of justice is not yet hampered or prohibited by lawyers' laws in Canada. Said one Kanuck to me: "Your thieves and little rogues come up here for refuge, but your big ones daren't. No man is safe here when he has committed a murder. There's Mike McDonald, the Chicago gambler. He came here, but he found it well to get back again as soon as possible. He can manipulate your courts, but he can't 'work' ours. And your boodlers and such have to walk a straight line, for we won't put up with the nonsense that you do." Speaking of the mounted police, the astronomer declared, "In time of In-

dian troubles you can count on our men to suppress them. They jump into their saddles and are off at a pace of sixty miles a day, and presently they catch up with the Indians and give them a whipping. Now, the United States army does not want to catch Indians. When reports of a quarrel on the frontier reach one of your posts do the men start for the scene of it? Not much. The officers write letters and telegrams and overhaul their supplies, and after some days they sally out, with ambulances and wagons, and make twenty-five miles a day. Then they complain that the Indians will not wait for them."

I am assured that there are some dudes among the mounted police, and I encountered one or two fellows who stared at me with the complacency of a New York policeman when I asked them a question and turned away without answering—also like a New York policeman—as though the presence of a mere person was too fatiguing for endurance, and I also saw a sergeant who was learning to look through a monocle and had only a spectacle glass to practice with, but most of the force are manly chaps, whose sole affectations are a rider's straddle and the wearing of caps in an impossible position on the right half of their scalps. Not a few of them are sons of good English families, sent here to make men of them. Their everyday uniform is a red tunic, black cap, black trousers with yellow stripes, brown belts and riding boots, and they enliven with color the groups about the stations. The blue eyed Indians one meets do not know their fathers, but some of those fathers are in the mounted police, and there is perhaps more than one British baronet who has a Sioux grandson that he never met or heard of. Much of the liquor that enters the Northwest territories comes from the States and is smuggled across the border by wagoners and ranchmen. I have been told by a man who claimed to know that there are Indian spies among us whose duty is to find where original packages of rum are made up and report to the mounted police, that capture may follow directly on the arrival of the caravan on Canadian soil. Fines are at once levied on the free traders, their carts and horses are seized and their liquor is taken away and secretly destroyed by the police—who know how to do it.

In consequence of the prohibitory law there is more drinking in Assiniboia and Alberta than in any other parts of Canada. Theoretically no liquor exists. Actually the result of its non existence is to make it as plenty as it is in Maine or as it is in Brooklyn on Sunday. Don't go and tell the police that you are drunk and you will have no trouble, if it is among your ambitions to get that way. On the dining cars you can guzzle beer and claret and all those deadly things with every meal, and the police will never inquire

who sold your breath to you and where you got it. I was filled with gloom on finding that several of them had breaths also. A well to do looking man who came aboard the train and invited everybody in sight to join him in a drink of something that he had in a black bottle, said plaintively, as he wiped his mouth, "I don't know why it is that I am always so thirsty up here. In Winnipeg I can go right by a saloon and not think about it, and I can in Vancouver, too, but as soon as I am in the prohibition district I get a thirst on me—that—well, have another?—that I can't account for, except on the ground that it is against the law. I suppose it's all right to keep rum out of the Indians, but no government is going to keep it out of me. Prohibition must be responsible for my thirst and I'm afraid if I lived here I should become a total wreck. Government ought to abolish any law that drives a man to drink." I can add that I saw more drunkenness in the districts where liquor was not allowed than in any other parts of Canada. Human nature may have something to do with this state of affairs.

Near Sintaluta and Indian Head we pass the Bell farm, bigger than the famous Dalrymple farm in Dakota, which comprised only 44,000 acres, for this reservation is 100 miles square and contains neat cottages for the laborers who run two furrows apiece for a day's work, "plowing by brigades and reaping by divisions." At Regina the barracks, storehouses and drill hall of the mounted police are seen; we breakfast near The Creek Where The White Man Mended The Cart With The Jaw Bone Of A Moose, a town of 600 people who have been induced by the value of time and space to rename their town Moosejaw; and still we trundle forward with the sun. White light, blue sky, olive green earth, yellow flowers, and we in the midst of it—the prairies. Bones, hawks, prairie dogs, buffalo trails and wallows, fire breaks near the track—the features of the landscape. I, for one, am glad that the paltering priests kept back Columbus and that in this day such wildness should be seen of us. Come out and stand in this sunshine, breathe some of this air, and be persuaded that this is a fine old planet, and betimes men will be worthy to live on it.

The billowy plain is broken here and there by hollows filled with sapphire ponds, some of them with no outlet being edged with snow white beaches that indicate the presence of alkali in the water. Such are the Old Wives' lakes, wide spreading but shallow enough to wade in, it would seem. Rush Lake, a little beyond, is dotted with geese, herons, storks and pelicans, and near this point the road passes through the first of ten farms started by Sir John Lister Kaye and now owned by an English company. Each of these farms contains 10,000 acres, but

only a little of each is under cultivation. The government has established several experimental farms with a view to learning what will grow in different latitudes and different soils, the railway company owns another and the Canadian agricultural company has four of great size, stocked with cattle, horses and sheep. The western quarter of these plains can support cattle by millions because, while there is less warmth than in Wyoming, there is less cold, the days are longer and the soil more fertile. One does not see many horses, and the dashing cowboys of our West are invisible.

Indians appear occasionally on their ponies, but commonly on foot, and their tepees of canvas, caribou and moose skin are often the only signs of human life in the great expanse. Clear, quiet eyed Indians they are, the clearest seers in the world, they say, and they must be, to hunt a warm trail as they do. Low voiced, too, even in their laughter, and people who may be interested, but never seem to be astonished. There are faces among them that one would not wish to meet in dark alleys, broad faces with sly, squinting eyes and low brows, but there are good faces, too, with large, frank eyes, oval cheeks and high foreheads. The old women are usually hags, with frowzy clothes and hair and sore eyes; the middle aged ones are dull with drudgery and many of them carry babies in sacks on their shoulders; the young ones are sometimes downright handsome, with ruddy tints blushing through the brown, moist, soft eyes, jet hair shining with oil, graceful forms, an easy walk and gesture and pleasant voice. If they would stop painting their faces their charms would be heightened, yet ochre seems to go with the barbaric luxuriance of color in their clothes and ornaments. Young and old squat on the ground together, chew gum, joke and offer buffalo horns for sale. That is all you can get of them. They do not understand English and when you ask for moccasins, pipes or headgear they only shake their heads. A dollar they indicate by raising the index finger, \$1.50 by raising two fingers and crossing one of the knuckles with a finger of the other hand. Other strange faces that one sees are those of Finns and Icelanders coming here to settle, and at Dunmore, where a branch road runs away to the coal mines of Lethbridge, there are eight dugouts occupied entirely by Germans. The French, also, come to light hereabout, and are as tough and wiry as any of the colonists, for aught that I could see. The plain grows more and more uneven as we advance, the lonely Cypress Hills forming a bulwark along many leagues on the south, and the railroad winding to avoid rapid descents and climbs. Just before sunset we see the South Saskatchewan, and stop for half an hour at the flourishing town of Medicine Hat.

Into the Mountains.

Medicine Hat is another place of the future, though something of a place of the present, for there is a large barrack for the mounted police, some churches and stores, a hospital and railway shops; steamboats run down the Saskatchewan for 800 miles to Lake Winnipeg and up stream for some distance; coal is mined in the neighborhood, and gold and platinum are found along the river. The town is as lively with Indians as peaceable Indians can make a town, and they swarm about the station to sell the usual buffalo horns. You can't play on buffalo horns, but many passengers buy them and hang them in all sorts of uncomfortable places in the car so that the points get into your ears or prick the back of your neck. It is vain to try to buy anything else of the red men. Their weapons and tools and ornaments they do not want to sell and they probably regard such matters as we regard our kitchen pots and pans, as things of no possible interest to a stranger. My requests for moccasins were fruitless, though one buffer pantomimed that he would take off his dirty old leathers for a dollar. High, eroded bluffs surround Medicine Hat, and on the plain between them the Indians have their camp of scattered tepees, smoke blackened at the top, and to and fro between these mansions you see the warriors walking, pigeon toed. Neither Chief Tin Fundamentals nor Tin Fundamentals, junior, were in the neighborhood, and their people spoke no English, so I lost the opportunity for instructive interviews. There is a garden beside the track here, and somebody, whether with warrant or no, invited the passengers to help themselves to flowers, as they did with the inevitable promptness of people who are getting something for nothing. There is a fine grizzly bear in captivity near by, with a barbed wire fence to keep him from familiarity with strangers and a contribution box that you may drop a dime into if you wish him to be supported. I suppose he gets the money, but I do not know.

Crossing a steel bridge hung from one bluffy shore of the Saskatchewan to the other the train climbs the bare plateau that juts from the base of the Rockies and ascends 3,000 feet, between supper and breakfast. Our last night on these lonesome, windy uplands was lighted with a glorious moon, that made them seem more vast than ever. They exercised such fascination on the passengers that most of them were up late, standing at the doors and looking from the windows. The smoking room club held a long session and discussed scenery, crops, Tolstoi, bears, rum.

Indians, train robbers and horses. They thought these plains ought to be peopled, and I offered to let them have half the population of New York and one man in Brooklyn if they would pay their fares, but they carelessly answered that they had no use for them, showing how indifferent to the luxury of others people will become under monarchical forms of government. The Englishman with the title also exchanged some words with me on the subject of what is called "sassiety." I held that we have no recognized establishment that has a right to put a capital S on its society, while the mass of the people worry along with a lower case letter. He said that we did, especially in New York. "The last place in the country to look for it," said L. "In Boston there is a literary set; in Philadelphia a corporation of old families; in Washington a body of officials; in southern cities there are coteries of handsome women and of men who have the easy manners of people of leisure; but in New York you can not name one man or woman in 'sassiety' who is eminent for grace, beauty, skill, accomplishment, learning, charity, who does anything for the public or the country, who leads in enterprise, who is conspicuous for thought or action, or anything but wealth and cookery, and they can't even do their own cooking."

"Envy!" said the nobleman.

"I envy the dinners of those people and that is all. Why, our Four Hundred are the laughing stock of the public and the press."

"Jealousy!"

"Not a bit of it."

"Then why are you all struggling to get into the Four Hundred?"

"I move in a different circle, it is true, but my business throws me into touch with all kinds of people, and I give you my word that I never met but one or two men or women in my life who wanted to get into the Four Hundred. What is the use? What does it stand for, this little clique of rich folk? What would anyone gain by joining it? Does it represent privilege, as it does in Europe, or any pleasure that can't be bought at dancing school, Delmonico's, the shops, libraries, studios, tailors', jewelers' and theaters?"

"Perhaps not; but then the women."

"You ought to see them—and hear them—at the opera during the winter. No American of what you would call the middle class would wish his wife to look and act as they do."

"You're rather severe on your aristocracy."

"Hang it, we have no aristocracy. If they choose to call themselves aristocrats and to form a little club and dance and eat all by themselves, nobody is hurt and nobody else cares a continental. I can flock in a corner by myself and be an aristocrat, too, and so can anyone else. Their airs and affectations of superiority are offensive

of course, but as long as they don't interfere with anyone they can run around and play just as they please."

"Now I claim that you have an aristocracy and that you want to establish it on the lines of the superior class in England."

"No doubt the Four Hundred would like it, but nobody else would."

"You can't help having caste, and the upper class will be aristocratic. It can't help but feel its superiority. Mind you, it will not parade it. Only the *nouveau riche* do that sort of thing. Men of old families and title are the last ones in the world to advertise their social standing. But every country has got to have a class that will stand as an example of manner and distinction."

I did not say "Fudge!" but I thought it.

"We have it in England," he resumed. "The queen is the head of our aristocracy and she and her family and the people around her set the standard of manner."

"You pay a jolly price for your standard."

"Yes, but it is necessary in the constitution of our society. We have the best government and the best society in the world. Now, you are aiming in the same direction. I insist, from what I have seen of Americans, that they are crazy to get into the Four Hundred. The rich ones go to London and spend money and get themselves presented at court just for social place. Just see how the millionaires are dragging their daughters around the continent, like a lot of touts, looking for husbands with titles. Your rich Americans do more than we would to get into English society, and they are the chilliest people one meets in London."

"Those people are not representative Americans, thank God."

"But you're all touched with the same ideas. I remember some years ago, when I was traveling in your country, I had this same kind of an argument with a man on a train. He stuck out against my claim and said, 'There is no American aristocracy. We are all equal and don't acknowledge caste.' Then, by George, when the conductor dropped into the seat beside him for a moment and made a remark about the weather, he exclaimed, 'I wish these fellows wouldn't be so familiar.'"

Who ever knew anything to come of argument? We turned the talk on other subjects, of which there were plenty, and among them natural gas, for at Langevin there is a gush of it that was reached in boring for a well. The English contingent was unfamiliar with natural gas, never having visited Congress, and remarked "Wonderful!" and "By Jove!" while the Irish landlord broke forth, "Whoop! Ireland's got another grievance!"

"How so?"

"Canada's got gas and Ireland hasn't."

Bright as the night was we could not see the mountains by moonlight, though they are visible in day time a hundred miles away, and as much quiet as there is in a sleeping car settled upon us, the only place of consequence that was passed in the night being Calgary, a depot for logs, minerals and police. As it was late when I turned in, I said, "I've seen the Rockies twice. They will keep until I get up, and I will have my sleep out." But when one eye came open at dawn I thought, "Let's see where we are, anyhow," and thrust the curtain up. There was no sleep after that, and I rushed into my clothes excitedly, soused my head in ice water and made for the platform. For we were in enchanted land and giants stood around us. Great, gray peaks spired into the air on either side, sharp of cone and edge, many of them verges of strata thrust edgewise out of the earth, while in others the upheaval had bent the strata so that exposed sides of the mountains showed tremendous arched lines, perhaps a mile in length. Snow dappled the upper crags, and waterfalls streamed down their gullies and plunged along their faces for a thousand feet. The rising sun, with three parhelia or sun dogs, about it, lit the crests of these great monoliths with silver, clouds waved about their tops, but vanished as the sun went up, and dew smoked from the narrow green plain that we were following into the heart of the mountains—the valley of Bow river. The stillness of admiration gave place to questioning and for a time old travelers and train hands had all that they could answer.

It is a pleasure to find that the mountains in this new country are not inevitably named by persons of mean imagination and small vocabulary, as is so commonly the case in freshly opened regions. I did not hear of any Bill Merrill Mountain or Bill Smith Mountain or Aunt Hepey Brown Mountain, such as we have in New England, and there is no objection to the Castle, the Chancellor, Cathedral Spires, Sleeping Giant, Hole in the Wall, the Pilot, the Sawbacks, Temple, Massive, Three Sisters, the Hermits, Eagle Peak, Asulkan, Cheops, and Sir Donald, for these have distinction, picturesqueness or suitability. Of course there are many that bear the names of people, and to the casual tourist there is no inspiration in the names of Mounts Macdonald, Ross, Stephen, Bonney, Fox, Donkin and the like of that; yet, when you remember that these heights are numbered by thousands it will be seen that there are not fine names enough to cover them. It is time, however, to make an effort toward the appliance of respectable names, while they last, to important peaks, not here alone, but everywhere. High Peak, Bear Peak, Bare Peak, Flat Mountain, Prospect Hill, Jones' Rock and dull nomenclature of that sort is scattered over every

range and group in the land; there is so much of it that we have to be thankful for what is noble or musical or quaint, like Storm King, Dunderberg, Cro' Nest, Break Neck, Bull Hill, Anthony's Nose, Beacon Hill, Black Dome, Overlook, Peaks of Otter, White Lady, Holy Cross, Sugar Loaf, Sentinel, Captain, Poke-a-Moonshine, the Gothics, Double Head, Tumble Down Dick, Boreas, Copple Crown, Giant of the Valley, Skylight, Saddleback, Pitch Off, Avalanche, Tripyramid, Giant's Stairs, Greylock, Camel's Hump, Black Head, Cinnabar, Devil's Tombstone and Electric Peak.

The passing of Indian names is to be mourned, for both the sound and sense of them were better than what succeeds them. What gump devised the name of Spanish peaks for Wahatoyah—maiden's twin breasts—and what dozen of gumps accepted the change? The same man, perhaps, who is trying to change Hell's Half Acre into Flat Rock, or some such verbal emetic. Horicon is a beautiful name, and it means silver waters. What possessed any human being to dub it after a fool king? Lake George—and what possesses the American people to keep on calling it Lake George after they had learned to despise the king and had thrashed his troops? Catskills are Dutch and odd in sound, but Ontioras—mountains of the sky—were better fitting. The Indian names are poetic and sonorous; they have the dash of rapids and the roar of wind and wood in them: old Latin does not flow so richly as Chocoma, Niagara, Passaconaway, Weetamoo, Wamosha, Osceola, Agiochook, Moosilauk, Pemigewasset, Allagash, Wantastiquet, Agamenticus, Ascutney, Ramapo, Kearsarge, Nonotuck, Ammonoosuc, Amagansett, Massachusetts, Alabama, Mississippi, Minnesota, Minnewaska, Adirondack, Saranac, Toccoa, Tahawus. Let us unite in keeping shop terms and stupidities away from those places that the first owners of the land have honored thus. The people on the other side have been more careful than we in naming their mountains, and euphony has sometimes helped them over commonplace. For Monte Rosa and Mont Blanc are pleasanter to the ear than Red Mountain and White Mountain and Spitzenstein has a little more snap than Pointed Stone; but they have considered the eternal fitness of things and have shown sense and feeling in putting name to object. Why may not we, too, have a Queen of Snows, a Virgin, a Black Monk, a Peak of Tempests, a Silver Horn, a Lion Rock, a Rafter Peak, Peak of Terror, Hill of Idleness, Wing Peak, Dark Eagle, Billow, Green Needle, Arbor, Shield, Crown, Emperor's Seat, White Gate, White Tooth, Peak of the Herds, Peak of Sounds, Peak of Graves, Beaming Mountain, All Alone Peak, Honor's Broad Stone, Rocks of the Sleeping Pigeons, Dead Moss and Rock of Thunders? Let us have a naming

committee and keep the politicians out of it.

As the train advances up Bow valley and enters the Canadian national park, the scene grows wilder and more beautiful. The mountains are the most picturesque and varied that I ever saw, for while the Alps are something higher they have less range of form. Monsters they are, too, "big brutes" and "ugly brutes," I heard one man call them. Nature has done everything for the railroad people that they could ask for here, for the floor of the valley is almost a level of alluvium, and track building is hardly more difficult than it would be on the prairies, but worse remains. Right and left the ranges rise at a bound to cold and dizzying heights, those on the north being of especially savage outline, for the valley is cut along the under side of their tilted stratum and some of the peaks are nothing but shattered edges of this sheet of stone. Few trees soften their roughness and they are rocky mountains in good sooth. Now and then they break down enough to disclose vistas into wild blue gray recesses beyond the front platoon—arenas where a million people might be hidden as in the bottom of a well whose edge, against the sky, is hoary with eternal ice and snow. At Banff, lying in its romantic valley, an observation car is fastened to the train and in the sharp air the passengers shiver as they flock into it and pull their coats and cloaks about them, but they stay there not the less. Cascade, Pechee, Rundle, Massive, Inglismaldie, Pilot and the Sawbacks come into view; the Castle lifts its turrets 5,000 feet above us in a precipice of awful steepness; the valley narrows; enormous bulks of rock and snow threaten to bar advance, but whirling around their capes, cutting through their buttresses and climbing over their heaps of debris the train clangs and echoes onward; Mt. Hector appears with a glacier near it, pouring down from yellow crags; we reach the summit and at a height of 5,296 feet above the sea, pass into the valley of the Kicking Horse. Ruined spires and bastions loom above, snow topped cones and blocks of limestone are tumbled every which way about us. Now the train slackens speed and we alight at a pretty chalet to eat breakfast with rare appetite, and to gaze, almost appalled, at the tremendous peak of Stephen hanging a mile and a half above our heads.

Across the Rockies.

Beyond the crest of the Rockies the Canadian Pacific road follows the valley of Kicking Horse river, which is often a mere ravine, with the strong young torrent roaring beside the track, the mountains sloping upward straightly from the water for hundreds and thousands of feet. The grades are so stiff that between Donald and Field, over fifty miles, a strong engine is hooked on behind to drag back on the down trip, while a similar locomotive does boosting service for the east bound express. Writling hither and thither and at one point rounding a promontory in the sharpest curve on any American railroad, to avoid a tunnel that has begun to collapse, the gorge is cleared at last and there is room to see the sky, when we run out on a mountain side and there, near the clouds, look down on the floor of the earth and see a green aisle leading north into a tumble of peaks, while below it bends into the broad, wooded Columbia valley. This pass through the main range was not known until 1858 and Rogers Pass, which is followed across the Selkirks, now magnificently arrayed along the west, was discovered only in 1883, though explorers had reached the Pacific to the north of us about as early as Lewis and Clark reached it by following the Missouri and Columbia. We pause at Golden, a typical western town of log huts and saloons—for we are out of the prohibition district now—built on a gravel bar where the Kicking Horse falls into the Columbia. The latter river is navigable by a light draught steamer for a hundred miles above and prospectors are floundering through the matted forest looking for gold along its tributaries. Moberly, a city of one tank and a track hand, is the site of the oldest cabin in the mountains—a hoary ruin of nineteen years, that was built by a surveying party to spend the winter in. Then we reach Donald, that until lately had the repute of "the toughest town on the border," with only one drunken affliction in velvetens tumbling into people at the station to represent its present toughness.

Now the Selkirks approach in a procession of tremendous peaks, and, turning into the valley of the Beaver, we begin a run across them, with views on every side unequalled by any railroad scenery on this continent, unless it may be in the Andes. It is a long, hard pull up the steep, and there are frightful ravines to be crossed on trestles that look gauzy, but that have always proved staunch enough, and that are inspected after every passage of a train. The British Lieutenant is cool on all other occasions and

I have no doubt would take this dose of lead or steel in India or Egypt if he had to, but he does not like these trestles; they make him dizzy and nervous, and when we approach one he looks at something else. The tallest of these bridges is 295 feet above the bed of a brook that tumbles from great heights, and it is a pokerish experience to cross it, though it does not lift your hair as it does to ride over the Denver and Rio Grande road into New Mexico, for at the tunnel in Toltec gorge you emerge from darkness to find yourself hanging over a horrible gulf of rock and frothing water, nearly 1,000 feet in depth. No support is seen below you, and for one brief second you feel as if you were dropping out of the moon. Still it is exciting enough, in British Columbia, and the constant change in the view does not allow us to wonder enough at any part of it. We rise, by grades of over 100 feet to the mile, to a point 1,000 feet above the Beaver, which cuts a vast rift through the range, though its steepness and asperity are softened by a heavy growth of timber clinging to the precipitous hillsides and covering the narrow beds of alluvium that the river has thrown up in ancient days of flood.

Turning into the narrower valley of Bear Creek we come to a gap in the range and presently cross the summit of it at a height of 4,300 feet above the sea. This gap is a tremendous passage of mountain scenery. You are face to face with Titans. On the left Mt. Macdonald rises a mile and a quarter overhead, a sheer wall of stone, smooth as masonry, almost perpendicular, with hardly a jag for snow to lie on. Directly opposite are the crowding peaks of the Hermits, equally high, but with their sharp aiguilles softened with deep snow and glaciers. The cowed figure of a man seated on the edge of one of the walls shapes itself out of the rock to a plaint fancy and gives the name of Hermit to the mountain. Lonely, vast, untrodden, inaccessible, these vast upheavals inspire one with a sort of terror, yet with a joy as if we had come to the very penetralia and were exalted in estate and understanding. Mountains are the largest things our minds can grasp, and even they cannot be hastily overcome. Figures represent astronomical distances, but they mean little to us; when we know that it takes the light of a star a century to reach the earth it overwhelms us, but we are as far as ever from realizing what such a fact implies; but mountains remain our utmost measure of matter and the mind takes an athlete's pleasure in compassing their bulk.

A glorious band of peaks assemble here and lift their heads proudly into space, as though the earth were too dull a thing for company and their only worthy friendships were in the skies. After the train crosses the little plateau, with its cold lake and its half a dozen shanties of the track-

men that mark the division between the Columbia and Illicilliwaet water sheds, it turns to the left and an amphitheater opens to view, miles in circuit, and so high as to reach from dense forest into the zone of everlasting winter. Its rear wall is a mass of ice, so white, so cold, so startling in its nearness that one catches his breath as he sees it. This is the Illicilliwaet or great Selkirk glacier, and from its eastern side Sir Donald rises in a cone of gray, as in the sketch shown here, to the height of 11,000 feet above the sea: "a solemn interrogation of what is above and beyond." In this wild spot the Assiniboines believed that hell was, and they shunned it. The amphitheater is formed of Mts. Avalanche, Eagle, Sir Donald, Macoun, Fox, Dawson, Donkin, Bonney, and Ross, taking them from east to west, while across the gap to the north are the gray immensities of Tupper, the Hermits and the shapely pyramid of Cheops. The region is as rich in glaciers as the Alps. There are four on the Hermits, two on Sir Donald, this big one of Illicilliwaet, a connected series just as large on Bonney, three on the back of that mountain, one between Macdonald and Avalanche, the Van Horns, the Ross Peak, the Lily, the Deville—I don't mean what you mean, for there is an e on the end of the name—the Asulkan, Dawson, Geike and a flock of little glaciers that none have named, as yet. If you will hurry out and stand on one you can doubtless leave your name there, if it will be of any comfort to you.

The views across the Selkirks are sometimes interrupted by snow sheds, though a track for summer use lies outside of them. These structures are necessary on account of the perilous steepness of the slopes and are built of massy timbers, strongly bolted, and further protected by breaks and dams on the mountain sides above. Their roofs always slant toward the valleys in order to shunt the landslides and avalanches over the track and far out of the way, so they are sheds, in fact. It is monotonous and aggravating to ride through them, for they shut one into smoky darkness, with only glimmers of light and flashes of sublime scenery coming through the spaces in the wall of boards. We dine at a Swiss chalet near the glacier and do not have to pitch things into our maws as we do at American refreshment stations. The dining rooms in the mountains—dining cars are not used there because they weight the trains on the grades—are spacious, clean and attractive; the cooking is good, services prompt, charges moderate and you have half an hour at the table. Below this point the road sweeps down the Illicilliwaet valley by a series of curves and loops, crossing itself on trestles at one point and showing in a single view four distinct tracks that might be supposed at first glance to be as many different railroads. The water that it follows, like all ice streams, is chalky green,

but as the fine mud that is said to color it falls to the bottom, whenever the river finds a few feet of resting place, it afterward becomes clearer. At Albert canon the train pauses for a few minutes to let the passengers crowd upon a timber platform and look into a gorge two or three hundred feet deep, where the river is squeezed between straight walls of rock. In a few seconds all hands, like school boys, are throwing stones at the opposite canon wall, to see how far they can carry. Even the women take a hand in the sport, but if they knew how awkward they look when at it they would refrain. Down through more chasms, with silver bearing mountains glowering into them, the train speeds for nearly two hours more, then it courses a maze of forest and reaches the Columbia again at Revelstoke. Here we see a steamer again—for the first time since leaving Medicine Hat, for this is the western bend of the river. It has fallen over a thousand feet since we left it at Donald to cut across lots over the Selk'rs, and it is gathering force and size for its stately flow to the Pacific. Revelstoke is a place of board houses and shanties flanking one large and respectable brick building. It will have some trade in time, for steamers run down the river to the United States, 200 miles away, through the beautiful expansion known as Arrow lakes. During our halt at this place the lord and the lieutenant come into the car, shivering but happy. They have been riding on the cowcatcher, don't cher know, all the way from the glacier, and it's deuced jolly, don't you see, though a fellow ought to have an overcoat, by Jove, he ought, really. This is a favorite pastime with British nobility when it rides on American roads, and a title is always good for a seat. No dust, no smoke, nothing to bar the view, but sometimes much moisture. Lord Craven and his tutor, who took the cowcatcher trip last summer, were soaked to their skins by the pour of melting drifts through the roofs of the snow sheds.

The few and vagrom people at the few and meager settlements are not the wild fellows that we see in Montana and Wyoming. They do not carry arms, nor wear sombreros, nor seem to be athirst for blood or rum. Their quietness and their attention to what business they have are disappointing to those who go West to see insurrections. They do not even have horses, and an American mountaineer without a big hat, a shooting iron and a horse would be like a street laborer without a pipe, a local statesman without a saloon and a lawyer without a conscience. Notice that I said without. Indians, too, are growing thin in body and numbers. Now and then the isolated tepees of a Stony appears on the gravel flat near a lake or river or in a grassy glen among the trees, but the Stonies ask little of white men and have nothing to sell and nothing to say. One family

of them I found camped in a clearing and I tried to enter into negotiations for moccasins, but the patched old rounder who was the head of the house—leather house 7 feet high and 20 feet around at the bottom—replied with a brevity and gruffness that would have been called insolence if he had been a white man, but perhaps if some tramp were to come to our front doors and ask the privilege of buying a pair of boots of us we likewise would be short and round of words with him. The last happy looking Indian seen was away back on the plains, a lone representative of his race as the station agent and telegraph operator at the same spot was the lone representative of ours. He was a flat faced individual, so poor that he had no vermilion to paint himself with; he wore a Prince Albert coat that Prince Albert may have worn and that had never since known a holiday; trousers that once were broadcloth, but now resembled tapestry, bagged around his ankles, for he had no suspenders and had trodden the bottoms of them into fringes; his moccasins were patched and stitched with different ages of leather and different colored thread, and on his head was an old plug hat, creased, greased, bent, banded, napless, with the roof gone and his hair pouring through it and dancing on the breeze like black flames bursting from a chimney. As I looked at him I could not repress a smile. He caught my eye and his own unwashed countenance broadened with a grin as much as to say, "I'm a guy, and I know it, but ain't I a precious one?" On the homeward journey over this road I alighted at the same spot. This cheerful Indian was still there. Apparently he had not moved for ten days.

The Columbia is crossed at Revelstoke on a bridge 2,000 feet long, and the train plunges into Eagle pass through the Gold range, an easy route with a slight grade, densely wooded and broadening here and there as if to give way for the saw mills and hamlets that are beginning to appear. Beautiful lakes there are, too, with winged game in plenty on the water. Now we begin to get among the fishing Indians—the Shuswaps—and as night falls we see their torches glittering on the still bosom of Shuswap lake, for they are out there spearing salmon from their canoes. This sheet of water has the beauty of the New Hampshire lakes, with more space of surface and height of neighboring wood and hill. Fire, however, has wrought havoc along its shores and the firs and cedars it cost the earth a century to produce have been recklessly destroyed in an hour by men. On a gray day these gaunt, fire blasted skeletons, with sad mountains brooding over them, form a weird, imposing, but melancholy spectacle. A new and promising district of mines has been developed not far from Shuswap, and a large settlement has sprung up

on Okanahgan lake—shamelessly corrupted on some maps to O'Kanagan lake. One of the things that strike you forcibly out here is the entire absence of Macs and O's. Even in the bigger towns beyond there are not enough of them to regard as a minority. Some people pretend to ascribe the restfulness of the country to that fact. The road has just about such a time getting around Shuswap lake that it does around the gulfs and capes of Lake Superior, and points in every direction in the course of a main progression westward. Settlements increase, farms appear, the people show habitudes affecting paint and soap, there are steamers and mills at Kamloops, but at midnight we leave all this and begin to trace the lines of canons that yawn below us, misty and horrible in the moonlight.

By Rail to the Pacific.

The view into the canon of the Thompson is as stupendous as the view into the mountains—at least it is so by moonlight, when the bottom of it seems to be a misty gloom of no solidity, as though the ravine were cloven to the center of the earth and the darkness of its caves were pouring upward. Above, on either side, we can make out that the gorge is gray and brown and yellow, with little room for any green that comes of trees and bushes, and only at intervals can be seen the shimmer of water in the gulf below. The train winds along the Thompson river after it leaves the ranching town of Kamloops, that has grown about a Hudson's bay company's post, and enters this gorge shortly before midnight. By day the hills are said to have remarkable brilliancy and variety of color, and the rocky outcrops have the fantastic forms that are seen in Colorado and New Mexico, where it is easy to fit names to them of castle, cathedral, monument, tower and ruin. Drynack is where gold was first discovered in British Columbia thirty-three years ago, and from this point westward the vegetation changes in character from that of a dry country to a moist one, in a belt of thirty miles. On waking in the morning I look from the window. The train has halted, and as I raise the curtain three pairs of jet black eyes look into mine. They belong to three Indians who are lying complacently on the ground beside the track protected from a drizzle by a tent with open front and are rolled in red blankets. A fourth Indian is asleep. We have followed the Thompson to its junction with a larger river, crossed the latter on a cantilever bridge, and are now in its canon, deep and savage, through which, in eternal power and thunder, the Fraser seeks the sea.

The hills are rent apart, and on their splintered faces, a thousand feet from stream to summit, with snow peaks lowering over them, the elements have scrawled the boast of their assaults—futile, for the rocks are granite. Two hundred feet above the water runs the track, and little capes and platforms extend between rails and river, where grass grows green and trees have place to stand. These patches of earth have been taken by Indians and Chinamen for their huts, the Mongolians washing the sands of affluent brooks for gold, while the Indians net and spear the salmon as they crowd up stream toward the breeding grounds. The river, always whitened, roars and plunges, its noise echoing from wall to wall, and as clouds of storm sag low and shut the heavens out, the wail and rage of wind sweeps down. It is like the passage of the Hudson through the Highlands, with the

hills shoved together until they almost touch and the current frothing against towers in mid channel. It rains occasionally, and the crags sometimes fade in mist, but clouds, volleying through the chasm, heighten the dark splendor of the scene. Perhaps it is this uncertain outlining of the landscape through vapor that makes us think of the Hudson, that leads the fancy to catch at further resemblances and that reveals a surprising likeness at one point to Delaware Water Gap.

An old road to the gold diggings—the Cariboo road, they call it—runs for many miles through this canon, hanging to the cliffs on notches or propped against them by timbers at a dizzy height. Falling rocks and landslides have smashed away sections of it, so that it is probably impassable now, the broken spots revealing wide spaces of sheer wall that one could hardly pass unless he were one of those fabulously happy people who can cling by their teeth. An old suspension bridge brings this road to our side of the river and buries it under the railroad embankment at Spuzzum. Rather a sweet thing in titles, Spuzzum is. Reminds you of buzzums and spazzums. There are many pretty names here, such as Spatsum and Scuzzy and Squallyamish and Similkameen and Snohomish and Smith. The Indians of the Northwest are known, not as Indians but as Siwash, and this is some of their doing. I meet a young representative of the tribe and ask him about Spuzzum and why they call it that: for Spuzzum is one of those things that stick in your memory after you have forgotten how to extract a cube root and what is the boundary of Austria: one of those useless things that become a burden to you and sing in your dreams like Mark Twain's pink trip slip for a 3 cent fare and punch in the presence of the passengaire. My interlocutor says, "Spuzzum Siwash name."

"I surmised as much. What does it mean?"

"Mean same Siwash name."

"But what does it mean in English?"

"Ingles?"

"Yes. Boston talk, you know."

"Spuzzum same to Siwash as Boston tilicum."

"And you don't know what it means?"

"Boston man call it Spuzzum, too."

I give it up. Be it known for the edification of those who bask in rays from the golden dome, who frequent symphony concerts, read Plato and feed upon the product of the bean field, that to these untutored and uncombed children of the wilderness every man of my complexion is a "Boston man," or "Boston tilicum," and a white man's road is a "Boston hooihut." Their language is not musical, that is confessed, but it is probably useful. It is a vague, weak language, with hesitancy in the vowels and words that stop with a choke and forcible expiration or close with a hiccough. What is called the Chinook jargon is a bastard language, in which differing tribes

hold converse and that early traders and missionaries had some share in forming. The Algonquin word skookum, ghost, also means with them strong, and this is almost the only Eastern Indian word in their vocabulary, unless a relation is found between "canim" and "canoe." A town is "a much house" and a window "a baby door" (the Siwash equivalents I forget). Pomme, pois, pied, main, porte, poule, nez and tete they use as the French do, from whom they got the words, and in these names some European originals may be traced: Chi, cry; boat, boat; cochon, pork; pire, burn; pire stone, flint; ship, steamer; lum, rum or liquor; pusa, cat; moon, month; muck-a-muck, feed; quakquak, duck; couray (courez), run; dahblo, devil; dinz ding, hour or now; tin-tin, bell; tocta, doctor; gleese stick, candle; drait, straight; dly, dry; karabine, rifle; kaw-kaw, raven; kitlo, kettle; la bouche, mouth; le cou, neck; le dents, teeth.

The Siwash are not like the plainmen. They know little of horses, but spend their lives on sea or on the rivers, the coast Indians having become short and bow legged through spending much time in boats. They are usually a peaceful people and my barbarian friend remarks: "Siwash not fight. Um church, now. Priest, he preach every day. Um good." He also confides to me the fact that although he made \$700 last year under contract with the salmon canners, he has this year made but \$80. Wherefore, he grieves and forbears to wash himself. At one place where a bench in the precipice gives room for a little chapel we see through the windows a throng of brass colored faces, some of them agrin, and most of them surmounting store clothes. In that barrack a missionary is celebrating mass and teaching these heathen that it is better not to fight, um good, go hebben. On her way to church we presently encounter the peony of her tribe: a dumpy maiden of 18 or 20, with a countenance whose natural glow and clearness has been disclosed this very morning by an application of soap, and who is dressed in a robe of red of such shrillness that the sense aches at it. This robe does not fit her very much, yet it does not have quite the look of a hand me down rig, and it has two rows of puckered ribbons or something in front and some more sewed on crosswise and a large bustle behind. Also she had a red bonnet and a red umbrella, and a broad, red smile of self satisfaction. Corot and Diaz would have given a day's wages for such a phenomenon to supply the usual "note" in their landscapes—provided the note were at proper distance. What a blessed thing for her that there are no bulls in the neighborhood!

The huts on these little benches are about the size of parlor bedrooms and are mostly taken by Chinamen, for the Siwash are nomads, like their

brethren, and are satisfied with tents and temporary shelters. Those that the Chinamen live in are usually known at a glance by tea chest hieroglyphs on red papers pasted to their doors and by the cultivation of adjacent gardens, something larger than bed quilts and ringed about with wattled fences. The "slant eyes" are seen at their worst estate in the northwest, and though industrious are a poor, hungry, spiritless people who are content to dress in cast off rags of white men. Now and then a bit of bright pink strikes the eye—an Indian salmon flake, where Siwash paterfamilias has hung his catch, split and scraped, to dry, out of reach of preying animals. When his catch is good and ripe and is in such a state that a white man would bury it, Siwash paterfamilias doles it to his family and laments that he cannot as easily extract alcohol from the Fraser. There are brighter spots of color, too—the gaudy rags that these poor children of the canon have used to decorate the crosses in their graveyards—pitiful acres, on cliffs that beetle above the flood and that are dark under weeping skies in the valley of desolation, but God's acres; and the bit of scarlet flannel that his wife would have prized, had she lived to own it, the husband winds about her grave stick, as we plant flowers above dust that was so precious to us when it had forms like ours.

While these Indians are poor, their poverty is not so hopeless as the poverty of our cities. They can draw a living from the woods and waters, and so far are independent. Money is desirable because it can be swapped for clothes, tobacco, sugar, guns, beads and a surreptitious and ineffable drink, occasionally. The salmon trade is the support of many of them, and this summer one old Siwash and his cloocheman, or squaw, made \$1,100 by their catch. Having no knowledge of savings banks and being too far from New York to go to the opera, they spent this sum in the most magnificent set of parlor furniture that they could find in Vancouver, and proudly lugged it to their wigwam, where I suppose the smoke and dampness have done for it by this time. The Siwash that have lived near white people for a number of years show some business tact and a few of them have amassed property, half a dozen in the state of Washington being worth several thousand dollars. They get 10 cents apiece for the salmon that they catch, but, as they receive nothing for fish below a certain weight, their nets have a large mesh, so that small fish will go through. You have salmon for breakfast, lunch, dinner, supper and between times out here, and any fish story that you choose to tell is heard without a sigh. Said one man, "I had a dog that tried to swim across one of these streams, but the razor back salmon were so thick that he could walk on them part of the way, and when he

swam they would rise under him and cut his belly and make him squeal." I looked from one listener to the other, but they were all as solemn as judges, and all of them looked out of the window. Another narrator, holding his hands a foot apart, said, "I caught a pickerel out here as long as that," and gradually his arms extended until the hands were a yard asunder. When they had got as far as that he seemed to think that he had done his duty by his audience and stopped. I did not see the water dense with fish, but I saw them thickly sprinkled through the streams.

There is a notion that salmon are barely able to reach the spawning grounds in the lakes and pools and that they afterward die by millions from the cuts and bruises they sustain in buffet-ing against the rapids through these canons, for in the spring, when thaws send down the snow in water, the Fraser rises 100 feet and roars through this ravine in a frothing deluge. A scientist caught a lot of salmon and put tin tags on their tails to see if any of them survived the trip and returned in safety from the lakes to the sea, and he says they did. It is only on the up river trip that the fish are caught, as their flesh is firmer then, and the millions and billions of eggs that are thus destroyed will in time lead to a shortage in the fish crop. Already they are gone from the upper Columbia, as they are from the upper Connecticut, and the demand is said to be greater than the supply. A little care, a little economy, a little governmental supervision and interference would avert this danger, but the answer to such a proposition is always that such things would only benefit another generation. It is a common and flippant answer, when we are charged with making life hard for our children, to ask, "What has posterity done for us?" Much. It has fired the ambition of scholar, painter, soldier and craftsman; it has urged the explorer forward; it has animated the inventor and scientist; it has been the hope of the poet and reformer; it has made cities where camps would have sufficed; it has bridged torrents and blasted roads through mountains; it is bringing the ends of the earth together and hastening the day of universal brotherhood. Then why not a little thoughtfulness on its behalf.

Near the mouth of the canon is American Bar, where 600 men from the states came up in 1868 and took out pounds of gold. It was a wild town that they established here and there was a lot of mischief doing. One story that they tell of the place runs to the effect that on a 4th of July "the boys" decided to have a flag raising, forgetting that they were in British territory, so they fired salutes that made the mountains ring, and had a procession headed by drum and fife. At this procession passed the shack of a certain Englishman, locally

known as Bloody Edwards, that person emerged with the red flag of Britain and flapped it up and down, shouting, the while, for "Hold Hingland." Mr. Edwards was not in good repute among his fellows and this mistimed burst of patriotism was received with audible dissent. He was told to retire. His reply was a reiterated cheer for England and the queen.

"Naturalize him," cried one of the company.

"Yes, swear him in," said others.

The oath of allegiance to the United States was proposed and refused.

"Baptize him as an American citizen," suggested one of the crowd.

"Duck him in the Fraser," yelled the ubiquitous Irishman.

Edwards was seized, hustled to the water's edge and tossed in without more ado. As he emerged from the turbid current and swam for shore he waved his flag as well as its drenched condition would permit and bellowed, "Urrah for Hold Hingland."

Some of the men were for letting him come to land, but the Irishman, with a national grudge to satisfy, would not hear of it "Down wid him!" he shouted. "Drown the son of a gun."

And down he went a second time into the icy current. When he arose he swam with a feeble stroke and his voice was thick, but he used it in another cheer for England. The Irishman stood ready at the bank to thrust his head under when he came near enough, and a bystander remarked, "The darned fool don't know enough to give in."

"Tisn't fool, it's grit," replied another.

"Drown him! Kill him!" repeated the Irishman.

"Come away from there and let the man ashore," said one who assumed a temporary leadership, and shoving back the Celt he gave his hand to the fainting swimmer and led him to the nearest cabin. There he was stripped, rubbed, reclothed and plied with rum enough to make him happy. He clung to the red flag until he was persuaded to fasten it to the halliards, beside the Stars and Stripes, that the two might be raised together. The flags were about to be tied when a gust came down the canon and whisked them from the ground. Before they could fall the breeze swelled to a whirlwind, caught them, twisted them together and sent them like dry leaves, mounting toward the sky. Higher and higher they went, the red, white and blue showing in the clear sunlight; then they made a spot against the snow fields on a mountain and at last vanished into the heavens. There was silence until one old miner spoke: "God Almighty has joined them two flags together."

May it be so.

We come suddenly out of the canon at Yale, a decadent mining settlement of a thousand people, half of whom appear to be Siwash and Chinamen. Women are not numerous and a serving maid who went to a dance here a few

weeks ago had seven offers of marriage before the ball was over. Go West, fair maid. There is a joss house here to represent religious sentiment and we begin to see gardens that indicate industry. Fruit ripens more slowly here than it does in California, but as the season is longer it comes to perfection and has not the insipid taste of southern fruits. The canon widens into a valley with splendid forest clothing the gentler hills, though fire has made sad havoc in the wood. Above the colossal firs the mountains gleam, not with the startling clearness of higher altitudes, for the hard, deep shadows are softened in the air of the Chinooks to velvet grays and blues and amethystine purples—a touch of rose, too, on the snows, and rich olives in the woods. As Mount Baker rides magnificently into sight, the shapeliest of all the peaks we see, it is clothed in a radiance of gold and topaz. There are 5,000 feet of snow on this pyramid and it lights in a hundred casts of color as the sun makes its daily shift from east to west. Forty years ago, when it was in eruption, it wore its Indian title, Kulshan. "Baker is a name that should be forgotten, for mountains should not be insulted by being named after undistinguished bipeds." Another mountain seen near Yale shows a rude anchor painted on its side in snow.

At Agassiz one of the five government experimental farms is passed; at Harrison there are healing springs of hot and sulphurous water; there is a large Catholic school for Indians at Mission and some brickyards at Hammond. We are still beside the forest, though, and presently we leave the Fraser and plunge into it. People lean out of the windows and gaze up at the tops of the firs, making all sorts of wild guesses as to their height, for it is only when a hut stands near them that we have aught to measure by. Their fire-blasted skeletons look taller than the sound trees, for they have no lateral growth of limb to detract from apparent height. Some of them are burned hollow, like towers, with doors and windows where the flames have eaten through. All of them are straight and have a graceful taper, even when they have thirty feet of girth at the root. There are raspberry bushes in the clearings 18 feet high, ferns as tall as a man, maple leaves 28 inches across, and on the coast the Douglas firs reach a height, in a few cases, of 300 feet. Port Moody would have been quite a town if the railroad had not gone through it, and it had a little boom so long as it was the terminus, but it is failing. Here is salt water at last—blue, smooth, sheltered water with noble forest growing to its edge and great gray mountains closing around. The forest opens, here are houses, sawmills, streets, shipping, a steamer just in from China. Goodbys are said and the pleasant associations of a week are broken, for this ends the land journey and we are in Vancouver.

Vancouver City.

The city of Vancouver is one of those phenomena that may be seen only in the West—a town of overnight growth, yet a town that is there to stay. Five years ago the site of Vancouver was unbroken forest. Then a wooden town was planted, but it burned next year; still, though the present place is strictly modern, it has substantial houses, churches, shops, banks, papers, a handsome theater, good streets, gas, electric lights, electric railroads and one of the best hotels to be found north of the border. The Canadian Pacific railroad ends here and from the dock at the terminus you may board ship for Alaska, Victoria, Puget Sound ports, China, Japan, and presently for Australia. Already the wealth of the Orient begins to flow to it and some of the trains that rumbled past you on the journey, going at a good pace and making less serious matter than we did of the trestles and embankments, were laden with tea for our eastern cities and for Europe. Here is none of the wildness, flurry and ruffianism that have accompanied the planting of our frontier—the seasoning of British blood is too cool and large for that. Real estate sales are active and prices and rents are about the same as in Brooklyn, "Cabins, \$4 a month," being one of the signs you read in the land offices; but there is little disposition to force matters and Vancouver will enjoy a healthful growth until she becomes the metropolis of the Canadian West. Situation, climate, natural and acquired advantages, material resources—everything is in her favor. You wonder that anybody should have dreamed of building Victoria eighty miles away on Vancouver Island, and of making it the capital of British Columbia, while this delightful and convenient spot remained without a claimant. How far away it used to seem! I remember as a boy, studying my maps, when Victoria and Portland were the only places north of San Francisco that were large enough to put on them, and wondering if, when I was big enough to carry a rifle, I could fight my way through 2,000 solid miles of Indians and grizzly bears and shovel up the cobbles of gold that formed the beds of rivers. Well, here I was, after an easy journey on which I had not met a cross Indian or seen any bears but chained ones, couched on a bed that would have been luxurious even without a 3,000 mile ride to make it so, and awakened in the morning by somebody's performance of Chopin nocturnes and Heller's "Nuits

Blanche" in the parlor—odd choice for morning practice, but played with rare art and skill. Then I went down and breakfasted like a nabob—in a flannel shirt.

The Pacific is here at the Lion gates—not a sea of rage and storm, for the chains of islands that edge the coast from our boundary to Alaska bear the brunt of ocean billows, and they are rock built and can stand it; behind are the mountains, with an untold wealth of timber, and none can say what minerals; gold is in the river sands and coal within a day's transporting; fruit grows luxuriantly on the Fraser delta and farm produce in the valleys; the waters are alive with fish. With a minimum of law and a maximum of sense, a ruling Saxon class and a docile native element, a healthful site and glorious scenery, what but an earthquake can check the progress of Vancouver? The city lies on swelling ground on the south shore of Burrard inlet, a deep fjord running easterly, with safe and ample anchorage. Gray peaks arise about it and the snow white strip on the water's edge across the harbor is a village of Indians—tame, for a church spire stands in the midst of it. The point of the peninsula between the inlet and Georgian gulf has been reserved as a park and here is the most splendid vegetation that I ever saw—trees 200 feet high and more, straight, dark, moss hung, ferns taller than my head and undergrowth of equal lushness.

I visited this pleasure ground—I suppose it is fair to assume that a mass of forest can be a pleasure ground so long as a driveway runs around it—on the morning before I left town. The charm of wandering alone through its vast aisles, the grandeur of its firs that closed the sky out with brawny arms of brown and myriad spikes of green, the sudden views of inlet and mountains that broke at the end of paths, kept me from thought of time. At one place the entrance to a trail was marked "To the Big Trees," there being some monsters in there taller than the Brooklyn bridge towers, and I set off to see them. The path grew wetter and narrower, the forest denser. Fearing that I might be going astray I pushed on with some haste and presently emerged on a road where I saw a sign pointing backward, "To the Big Trees." I had passed them somewhere. I looked at my watch. It lacked but three minutes of noon and my train left Vancouver at 1, or 13, as they say out here. Turning at random to the left, I walked a rod or two, confidently expecting to see Burrard inlet, but when a break in the wood occurred I found to my astonishment that I was looking out to open sea. Here was a go. I did not know where I was, nor which way to turn, and to heighten my perplexity I now came upon a post inscribed "Hotel Vancouver, three miles." That was well enough, but three

miles which way? Fortunately at that moment the sun that had been hidden under clouds emerged long enough for me to guess my bearing—though it was the trying hour of noon—and I sauntered eastward with an initial velocity of ten miles an hour. I had not seen a human being since entering the park, except a family of Siwash in a hut I passed half an hour before, where I had stopped to play with a sportive dog and make the little Siwash laugh, but a kind providence turned a man and a horse into sight just as I was growing desperate, and I found from the man that I was headed straight for Vancouver. The initial velocity fell off to four miles an hour. Presently some stakes with real estate signs appeared on the bank at my right. "A shame, to cut this domain into building lots," I said to myself, when a bend of the road showed that I was out of the park, on the same side of the bridge I had entered it from, and that the way to town was straight before me, so I went to the hotel, got my bag and was at the station in plenty of time. When I can find leisure and a map of that park I shall try to see where I went to on that morning.

The park contains about all that is left in the immediate neighborhood of the tall forest that covered the whole district, and future Vancouverites will bless the men who reserved it for them. One leaves it with the feeling akin to that he experiences in emerging from any of the great cathedrals of England—a feeling that his higher faculties have been touched, that ethics as well as aesthetics have been satisfied, that he has been secluded for the nonce from commonplace and meanness and put in contact with a visible type of the loftiest ideals. Lift and spread of the firs, green lights playing through foliage, rich gloom of wooded vistas, flashes of sea, whirl of clouds in tree tops, are at least as beautiful and majestic as soaring rise of arch and tower and glow of pictured windows. The lack of wood life here and the silence give the forest an enchantment of its own. On the shore a few squatters, Siwash fishermen, have raised their huts, a few hawks wheel and crows flap overhead. Once I started up a partridge, a striped snake glided into the brush and big slugs, soap white and green, drag themselves along the ground, but there is no bounding or audible existence. Even the trees seem to be stilled as if brooding on the things their Methuselah years had taught them, and the soft, but deadly embrace of moss has already been cast about their branches, some vistas being lined with its dull and weeping masses.

Though the trees in town have been hewn away their stumps are there in unbuilt lots. A street or two from the handsome new theater—built from designs, I think, by Bruce Price, that were shown in the exhibition of the New York architectural league last spring—I found a stump

that must have been nearly thirty-six feet in circumference. It was half concealed in bush and bog. In the eastern part of the city are many tents and cabins of the Siwash and some tenements where Kanakas live who are employed in a sawmill on the inlet. There is also a curious colony beside the water, composed of whites, Chinamen and Japanese, all living in huts built on rafts and hulls that are moored to shore to keep them from floating off at high tide and that lie on the beach at such a slant when the tide is out that the occupants must feel as if they were walking upstairs when they go to the front door. The water front is not very dirty and star fish, clams and small, poor oysters are seen, even at the mouths of the sewers. The huts built by the Japanese are superior in workmanship to the others and one of their round roofed houses was a good piece of cabinet making. Within were bare legged Japs, men and women, kneeling on the floor and occupied with some mechanic toil. There was a marked contrast between their neat appearance and that of the Siwash in tents on a sloppy verge of bluff above them, with the refuse of their meals decaying under their noses, mangy dogs skulking and sleeping about the premises and almost naked children toddling in and out. Vancouver has another affliction beside its Indians, and that is, fleas. They attached themselves familiarly to me in places where they were not to be expected, and their bite to me is torment, so when I found that they occupied the carpet in my room I went to the clerk and said they were there. I had expected that he would look horrified and apologize and put me into other quarters, but he didn't. He smiled blandly and said: "Yes, but they are nothing here to what they are at the beach. The ground is fairly alive with them. They don't poison me as they do some people, but they were too thick for me when I was down there the other day and I was glad to escape."

It is surprising to find that prices are lower in Vancouver than in Winnipeg, for down our way prices get higher as you go westward. Copper money is an unfamiliar object after you get half way across the continent, but in Vancouver the American nickel turns up, and is exchangeable for beer and postage stamps. A 3 cent stamp costs 5 cents because that is the lowest denomination of coin, but the postmaster will throw in change in 1 cent stamps or postal cards, if you want them. The Canadian authorities, however, do not bother to send postal cards after they are written, so they are substantially useless. It ought not to be a difficult thing to live in Vancouver, for it is uncommonly well supplied for a small city, and its shops and markets and eating houses are

up to the average grade. Its industries are numerous, and include smelting, machines, cars, beer, castings, stoves, boilers, carriages, tinware, boards, shingles, candy and ships, the valuation of the city being \$10,000,000. Everybody seems to have something to do and to be as contented as human beings are—for, take them as they run, they are restless, unsatisfied creatures. There are labor unions here, but instead of devising ways and means to keep from doing work and to keep other people from doing work, they are inclined to do something for their wages and spend their assessments in charity and picnics. They seem to have discovered that the way to settle the labor question is to labor.

From Vancouver I ran down to New Westminster, on the Fraser, a prosperous looking burg with a penitentiary and some churches and an insane asylum and 6,000 people and fair shops and comfortable houses and a jail and a Chinese street and schools and many Indians and free masons and a hospital and fish. The region round about is tilled and there is big brag of the things they pull out of the earth—40 pound turnips, three tons of hay to the acre, 90 bushels of oats, 75 of wheat, 800 of root crops to the ditto, serving as samples of what they grow. Rich soil and mild climate are the persuading causes of this wealth, and a failure of crops has not been known yet. At this town I took boat for Victoria. It was a ride to be remembered. The steamer was a wriggly craft with a stern wheel, a narrow cabin, a lack of chairs and other accommodations, it was cold, it was slow and I had to share a stateroom with a German trader and a sailor who was not in a very advanced state of cleanliness. It should have left at about 3 P. M., but it got away after 5 and arrived in Victoria thirteen hours late.

While it was waiting to get its last pound of freight at the wharf I was interested in a little domestic tragedy on shore, the actors whereof were a young half breed, his squaw and his baby. The man was rather good looking, as the half breeds are apt to be, and was attired in a flannel shirt, wide hat and belted trousers, slipping around his ankles. I think he had been conversing with wine cups, and he was taking a dry smoke from a broken cigarette. He leaned gracefully against the first of six posts, supporting an awning in front of some Chinese shops, and gazed down the street, apparently satisfied with no occupation so well as with that. But his repose was broken by the appearance of his bride, a copper hued dame in store clothes and a red shawl that infolded her infant, a heavy fellow 18 or 20 months old. In her quiet Indian fashion and in low voice she began to argue and appeal to her lord, exhibiting no haste, no tears, no excitement, but interposing long rests, as if she could just as well spare a

week to bring him around to her views, whatever they were, and patiently shifting the baby from one shoulder to the other. The half breed first replied in grunts; then he did not reply at all, but sidled around so as to give his other shoulder a turn against the awning post. When his wife approached him he looked in the other direction. When she touched his elbow he shook it fiercely and seemed to desire to be let alone. The wife stepped back three paces and let him alone for several minutes. When she approached again the husband, driven to desperation, moved to the next awning post, leaned against that and continued to chew his cigarette and gaze down the street. Another spell of dreamy inaction; then the woman put the youngster down and he tumbled into the gutter, sprawling with head in mud and feet in weeds. His mother gathered him up as though he were a bag of flour and hoisted him into her shawl again. His father paid no attention to him. Again she approached her husband and for ten or fifteen minutes talked to him in a bland and confident strain. He made another migration and got as far as the third post, where he planted himself for a continuance of the siege. After half an hour more of talk he sullenly explored his pockets, took out a dollar and handed it to the woman, who tied it in her shawl and settled down for some more monologue. The infant was set afoot again and tumbled into the gutter forthwith. This time his father rescued him and presented him to his mother, who began to look more hopeful and to talk more vivaciously, as a result of which treatment the half breed mugged off to the fourth post. When the steamer left he had reached the fifth post, so that there was only one more post to go. After he had tried his weight against that he probably whistled off into space, leaving the madam to talk to eternity.

The Fraser is broad and smooth here, its banks are green and on grassy openings in the shade the Indians were camped, while others urged their big canoes from shore to shore. These canoes are hewn from solid logs, but are perfectly balanced. They have no seats, the occupants squatting and kneeling on the floor, though there are transverse sticks for them to rest their backs against, if they like. They are round bottomed, high at bow and stern, the bow extending into a long trough where paddles can be laid. Inside they are painted red; outside black, with red stripes on the prow, and they suggest Venetian gondolas at a distance, but no gondola that floats is so enlivening a spectacle as one of these canoes when it has its complement of twenty people, all clothed in the most brilliant colored clothes they can afford. When thus filled the canoe is like a floating flower bed. There is something almost uncanny in their silence, for the canoes

rock so as to allow no skylarking, the oarsmen drive with a still dip of their paddles and the talk is in low tones. A canoe will steal within thirty feet of you sometimes before you are aware of it. Probably it is the old habit of sneaking imposed by constant warfare on this people that survives in this quiet navigation. Though usually propelled by oars a small mast can be stepped in these boats, and they can carry a sail. The salmon were now running out and the uneasy season was upon the Indians, some of whom were pulling up stakes and making for Alaska, while others were for looking along Puget Sound for rum and molasses and change of scene. Change of scene is what we white folk hardly obtained that night, for it was late before our little tub got its awkward engine going and put the town of New Westminster behind it.

A Trip to Victoria.

On leaving its wharf our stern wheeled tub headed down the Fraser and began the descent of that stream, whose low and reedy shores presently indicated that we were getting near salt water. Whenever the captain saw a house he steered over to it and made a call, stopping from five minutes to half an hour, according to the number of friends he met and the number of things he found to do. Every now and then we brought up at a salmon cannery or "fish factory" that was about shutting up for the season, and at each of these places we took aboard a crowd of disreputable looking Chinamen, who do the work at these preserving establishments and who were going to Victoria for the winter. Indians were quartered about them, too, and at one "factory" there was quite a village of Siwash, with dogs running and yelping through it. The canneries are mostly low wooden structures, built partly on platforms over the water and surrounded with poor huts of the Chinese laborers. As the latter came down to the stringpiece every man of them had a length of stout bamboo balanced on his shoulder, with his possessions hanging from it in bundles on either end. This outfit he carefully handed to a sailor, who "chucked" it into the middle of the deck, while two others, grasping his hands or his legs or his clothes, yanked him in without ceremony. The poor devils tried to smile as they tumbled aboard and chased the goods and provisions that had been willfully broken out of their packs, because the other people laughed at them and they seemed to think it the proper thing to do. Then they crawled like rats among the hay bales and meal bags of the lower deck, though several smoked in the forward cabin until midnight, and three clubbed together and hired the stateroom adjoining the one in which I did not sleep very well.

Near the Fraser delta we stopped at a hamlet where the houses and farms were rimmed, as in Holland, by dikes of earth to keep the sea out. There was a wide stretch so bordered as flat as the Jersey meadows and luxuriant in grass and foliage. A resident who came aboard looked at the landscape approvingly, swelled his chest and with a sweep of his hand remarked, "That's God's country." We kept stopping at canneries until the sun went down, leaving belts of sullen red glowing across a labyrinth of desolate marsh islands; then, when we were so nearly out of them that we fancied we could hear the Pacific pounding on the bars outside, the captain decided that he would not go any further, and tying his

steamer to the bank he went to bed. I sat in the cabin reading by a poor light until I got drowsy, when I decided to follow the captain's example and turned in. Half a dozen fellows of free and easy aspect were playing poker at a dollar limit on the dining table, and as our stateroom doors were perforated we had enjoyment of their conversation and tobacco smoke, but there was a fair chance of sleep until, about midnight, a voice woke up in the basement and came upstairs. It was a thick, large voice, and its tones penetrated to all parts of the boat. The poker players were pleased by it and besought it to sit down and beguile them, which it did willingly, offering labored witticisms and puns for their amusement and expecting to be laughed at. Then it made some long observations upon Parnell and other heroes. In an evil moment somebody asked the voice to sing.

"Whoop! I will that. I've had two bottles whiskey sence I kem aboor-rd."

It was evident that the voice had baited its breath. It then resumed, in weirdly fluctuant and sonorous tones:

"Me faa-a-ther was a Madigan,
Me nuther wa-a-a-as a Cadigan,
An' I've a hundred relatives,
Where the apple praties grow."

Distant murmurs were heard during this recital, from the staterooms, and when after we had learned about the apple praties we were treated to a voluminous account of the "Lot's o' Fun at Lanigan's Ball," and were assured in lugubrious language that Ireland was "the mosht diathressful counthry that iver there was seen an' they're hangin' min an' women there fer wearin' of the green," some other voices emerged from the holes in the stateroom doors with such hints as "Ring off!" "Shoot him!" "Dry up!" "Come off!" "Chase yourself around the block!" and other elegant and emblematic admonitions.

The big voice was heard to spit and clear its throat as it retorted, "Aa-a-ah what's the matther wid yous? Are yez crauks? 'Me fa-a-ather was a Madigan.' Whoop! I've lived in Victoria twelve years, an' I've yit to see the devil as can shtopme singin'. Do yez hear, now? 'There's lots o' fun at Lanigan's ball.' Lishten to this now, dam yez, and thry to shtop me, will yez?" And he began to sing a song more witless, unwholesome and obscene than any it had ever been my misfortune to hear. There were several women on board. A bustle in a neighboring room indicated that somebody was dressing in haste, and presently I heard two heavy boots stalking into the cabin. Along with the boots went a heavy bass voice uttering bad language. The bass voice demanded, "You old loafer, are you wound up for all night?"

"There's lots o' fun at Lanigan's ball," reiterated the original voice.

"Now stop it. Do you hear?"

"Me fa-a-ather was a Madigan

Me mither wa-a-as a Cadigan—"

"Look here. If you don't stop it I'll take you right out and fire you overboard."

The injuries implied in the tone rather than the words of this last promise had an effect, and after one or two futile attempts to sing again the voice was heard rumbling off below, among the hay, the calves, the pigs and the Chinamen, offering stormy and profane remonstrance against such an outrage in a free country. The rumbling grew fainter presently and before 2 o'clock had become inaudible. The captain got up before sunrise and resumed work and when his tub was fairly moving we came out to congratulate each other on our liability to see Victoria that day—we were due there at 21 o'clock the night before—but we had misgivings when the boat began to put in at little coves among the islands, for it was as accommodating as a horse car and would stop anywhere to land a bottle of hay or take on a Chinaman. At one point a rough looking fellow pulled out from a lonely island and the captain stopped the boat to talk to him. Said this hermit:

"Got a bag o' meal fer me?"

"Nop," said the captain.

The hermit began to row homeward, with the remark, "Got to go an' kill somebody's sheep, then."

At sunrise the sea began to steam with fog, and above the vapor were wooded hills, with the spicy smell of them coming on every whiff of wind. We were on Pacific waters, in good sooth, for there was no swell that could be felt in anything but a canoe, and the catspaws hardly ruffled the oily surface of the sea. Once a little steamer appeared out of the fog and passed us, but the only other craft we saw were those of the Siwash, in which their owners sat and drowsed, holding hooked lines in their hands. They were at least assured of fish and were therefore not to be commiserated as some of our own Indians are. Several years ago when passing through Nevada I met in the loneliest and barrenest part of Humboldt basin a Shoshone Indian, one of a hungry, melancholy band that occupied a reservation on which there was nothing, apparently, to support life. The red man was silent and dirty and sad; he looked as if a good meal would agree with him, and his clothing had been seemingly gathered out of rag bags at the white settlements. Said I, "What in the world do you live on here? Do the agents feed you?"

"Ugh," said the savage, with a look of disgust.

"Agent bad. Agent heap steal."

"But nothing grows here and it doesn't look

like a hunting district. Where do you find anything to eat?"

The Indian extended his arm and turned slowly on his heel, his index finger describing the circuit of the horizon. Then letting fall his arm he looked me in the face. The question was answered. He did not find anything to eat, he could not, on those desert reaches. The descriptive circuit of that finger was an eloquent, a pathetic lecture.

The shores of British Columbia and Puget sound are edged with islands—uncounted in number and unrealized in extent. Rising roughly out of the sea, with tall woods crowning their rocky tops, with glades opening sweet aisles of green into the forest hearts, with shores cliffy here and beachy there, with weed fringed rocks making dark lines about their coasts and taking the brunt of billows that seldom rage in this protected water, with now and then a cabin or half acre of tilled earth, these islands are superior in beauty, picturesqueness, variety and situation to the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, and in the next century rich men in Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle and Tacoma will build summer homes upon them. Flaunting in the shallows near them are the biggest kelps I ever saw, the "devil's apron string" growing here to a length of forty feet and more, and at low tide throwing broad streamers 15 feet and more along the top of the water. Gulls swam and rose on wing around us, and divers rocking on the surface waited until we were almost upon them before they went flapping away, dragging their feet in the sea and cutting a long wake behind them. When the sun was up the Chinamen crawled out, looking numb and stupid with chill and lack of sleep, and squatting around the forward lower deck, smoked pipefuls of tobacco and exchanged discouraged sounding sentences. They did not sit down, nor kneel, but crouched and clasped their knees, and they poised themselves remarkably. We folks would find it hard to sit on air.

Presently the fog began to lighten and drift away in fading puffs of silver; then, to the west, we saw a land with rising, wooded shores and distant hills that somehow recall the Green mountains. It was the island of Vancouver, three times as large as Long Island, wooded, wild and with peaks upon its northern half 8,000 feet high. It is a little confusing to find that Vancouver city is not on Vancouver island and that the capital of the province is at the remote edge of that province on the island. As we drew nearer we could see that it was fair and fertile country, with few marks of settlement upon it, though the rough highland is further north. Then, as we ran southward, a graveyard came to sight: that denoted settlement; and, presently, on waveworn ledges flashed forth white painted admonitions to use Spoonen-

yke's soluble soap, Pulliver's patent plastic pills, Fifenschneider's freckle physic and all those happy tokens of nineteenth century advancement: that denoted more settlement; rounding these ledges we ran into a little harbor, saw a town ahead of us and tied up at Victoria. The impression that this venerable city of thirty-two summers makes on the tourist who approaches it by its harbor is agreeable. It rises from the water in a gradual slope, as compact as Brooklyn, diversified with spires and with chimnies that smoke busily, and fronted with some shipping. The green hills all about it, the rich forest in view at a distance and the clear water beneath added to its brightness on that cheerful June like autumn morning. The air was soft, though the sun was purging its vapor out and at noon it was warm enough to spare one's coat.

Going ashore and passing the big warehouse of the Hudson bay company, stored with bales of furs that would bring tears of envy to the eyes of an American belle, I struck into populous streets and went to the leading hotel. It is not a very good hotel, at least, it does not compare in comfort, cleanliness, convenience and cuisine with the hotels at North Bend, Field and Glacier among the Canadian mountains, where the local population runs from six to sixty; but Victoria is progressing, and it will have all the modern improvements one of these days. It has a new jail, now. The population of this town is 15,000, and all of the people seem to have enough to eat. As there are few Americans, fewer Irish and still fewer French, the business part of the place is quite English in character, and is without the rush and roar that would advertise the same amount of commercial accomplishment a few hundred miles south. It is claimed that there are no paupers, and as this statement is principally based on the fact that the people take ice and coal, the inference would be that the town was full of millionaires. But this is in Canadian territory and monopoly does not thrive. Coal, you see, is mined in so many places that no "combine" has been formed, and even were one established the people could fall back on timber; and as to ice, any one of the glaciers, a day's ride back there in the Selkirks, will supply enough to refrigerate a county and hardly miss it. The best coal on the coast is said to come from Nausimmo, seventy miles north of Victoria, and connected with it by rail. There are schools, churches, a public library, a college for women and big iron works in Victoria, beer at 5 cents a glass, electric car rides at 5 cents each, a good opera house, a city hall, a post office, with a crown and V.R. cut on it, and steamers to Asia, Australia, Alaska and the United States. Therefore Victoria puts on a few airs. There are also a group of one story government buildings and a museum

of provincial products in a well kept reservation and a monument to a Sir, whose name I never heard before and cannot remember now. And there is a Jubilee Hospital. I have no idea what a Jubilee hospital is.

The public park of Victoria is not a mass of woods, like that of Vancouver, but it is equally beautiful in a different way. It covers Beacon Hill, and although there are ponds and groves and swings and caged animals near the entrance, the most of it has been left in a state of nature—namely, in the state of a grassy height that is swept by Pacific breezes. At the summit is a noble view: the city lies behind you spread on rolling ground, comfortable villas and gardens push into the surrounding country, green hills with lines and patches of forest close the view in that quarter; then, turning, you look down into Juan de Fuca strait, twenty miles wide at this point, a vast and shining floor of blue, with the Alpine range of the Olympics on the American shore beyond—Olympian peaks, indeed, breasting against the sea and breaking, as it seemed, in lines of pale cliff from eternal whiteness of the snow to eternal whiteness of the surge: grand mountains, tall and lonely, half cloaked in vapor, chained for fifty miles along the horizon, worthy homes of Joves and Junos and peopled still as red men fancy; for, like the Greeks, the Indians hold that every hill, tree, lake and river has its manitou or spirit that often speaks to men who need its counsel and who may win it with oblations.

Though the populace of Victoria is centered on small space of ground it is averse to climbing stairs, for there is hardly one house to a street that is three stories high. Flats and tenements are unheard of. The better class of people live in houses of stone, with plenty of windows and often a conservatory attached—English houses. Frosts come here in the winter, but they are not hard, and some flowers, they say, never go out of bloom. That sounds odd when you consider that Victoria's latitude is about 500 miles further north than ours, but the Chinook winds account for it. The newer houses, therefore, while they are solid, have a cozy look, their rooms are made available to air and sunlight, and it would not be surprising if the blending of American conditions with English precedents would give us something new in architecture when the town has crystalized a little further. There is a Chinese quarter larger than that in New York, and a number of Chinese women of easy virtue and no virtue living in wooden dens like those of San Francisco. Chinese children are seen likewise—little yellow dumplings swathed in yellow and scarlet and other festal hues. The Chinese are not the least enterprising people in the city, for they keep shops that rank with those of the English section, they light them with gas, they charge

high prices, they gamble recklessly and they have a gaudy joss house with oriental treasures on view and a bell hanging from the ceiling that a heathen smote long and lustily as I stood beneath it. At night, when shops are filled, when yelps of gamblers "calling the turn" resound from dim, barred windows, when women burn joss sticks before their doors, when barbers are scraping their customers' polls and reaming their ears out, when convives gather about a dish of tea, when the din and squeak of their native music comes from upper floors, when heavy smells of opium and the sickish odor of their cooking smoke out of doors and alleys, these haunts of the Chinese are especially quaint and picturesque.

There are Indians about, too, lots of them: flat faced, high cheeked, coarse haired, tan colored, bow legged, short and tubby; a touch of the Mongol in them and a need of soap. These Siwash are as unlike the plains Indians as those vagrants are unlike the Indians of Fenimore Cooper. One camp of them near town that I visited was strewn with decaying fish and swill, while skins tacked to boards to dry added a fierce odor of their own to the rancid atmosphere. In one tent were three or four clocks lying on their backs. In all of them were boxes, pans, bedding, bottles, food and smells. A boy of 8 or 10 years sold me his toy canoe, modeled like the big ones, and the bit of silver that I gave him put a wide grin across his face. His mother, who had stripped like a belle at the opera to nurse a younger offspring, had difficulty in getting him out of river mud long enough to negotiate this purchase, and her cries and chokes and gurgles brought several withered beldames and two or three dark faced bandits out of their straw to see what was the matter. The old women are, with possibly no exception, the ugliest human beings on earth: the young ones do not always wear the eyeballs. Among the squaws were one or two Flatheads, whose foreheads had been squeezed between boards until they made a straight slant from their eyebrows to their bumps of obstinacy. Every woman to her taste. An idiot like forehead is a Flathead mother's idea of beauty: a pair of knobs is a Chinese substitute for feet; a wasp waist, with lame liver and other accessories, is an American woman's notion of grace. Indians here and north of here demand good price for their work since white collectors of curios began to ask for it. A stone totem post a foot high costs \$16 in Victoria. Time was when a tin can would have been a fair swap, from the Indian's point of view. Shops in Victoria are full of prizes for those who can pay the price—Indian, Chinese and Japanese—and in one window was the most gorgeous opal that I ever saw, a rough stone, as large as an egg, that glowed like a sunset. The owner would not tell

the worth of it because he intended to keep it himself.

A delightful stroll for an afternoon is that to Esquimault, where there is a British navy yard, surrounded by woods and resounding with hammers, and where the Warspite, Amphion, Champion, Daphne, Nympe and Esplegle were harbored at the time of my visit. Excepting the Warspite, which is a sinful looking ship, it did not seem as if any of the fleet would trouble our new cruisers. The Amphion crossed to Vancouver soon after, and directly on reaching that city she gave birth to pups, that took the form of little torpedo boats. Esquimault is a small place, reached by roads that are bordered with farms, pastures, rich verdure and giant trees and enlivened by red coats and blue jackets, who either foot it or ride on antique rattletraps into town, where they spend shore holiday in the saloons at billiards, or worse. As many of these fellows wore their cartridge belts charged, or carried sword bayonets and side arms it struck me that their officers must put uncommon trust in them, for a drunken man, even though he be a British tar and a soaring soul, is dangerous when loaded. I must own, however, that I saw none of the sailors or marines in anything more than a mild and happy state of maltish exhilaration. When they entered a refectory they would take possession of it, buy their beer by the pail instead of by the glass, and make fair distribution of the drink. Beside these supports of the British empire there is a provincial artillery that occupies barracks in town and dresses in butternut uniform. Take the variety of clothes and variety of faces and it is seen that Victoria is somewhat of a cosmopolis in spite of its Anglicism. It is a city whose phantom lingers in the mind in pleasant recollections.

Rock Coast and Glacier.

You can go to and return from Victoria in comfort, but not by the stern wheeled ark that plies between that city and New Westminster. I went back to Vancouver in a boat as good as the steamers running on the Sound or Hudson—stanch, fast, clean, warm, quiet, well lighted and furnished with a table where an ample meal could be had for a third of its cost on an Eastern boat, which is the more remarkable because passenger fares are twice as high. Awakening early I drew the blind of my stateroom window and looked eastward. Still sea, pure sky and, where the land was, an endless reach of lavender haze, with russet lights above it that forecast the dawn—that was all the view save, where the glow was warmest, a single shapely peak hung in the air, resting on mist and defined in tender violet against the red: Mount Baker. It recalled the pictures of Fujiyama that you see on Japanese fans. As the haze dissolved the coast unfolded to right and left in a wall of mountains, plashed with snow and edged at their feet with lines of dark and giant wood, that were reflected here and there, so still the water was. The sun, rising higher, filled the breaking clouds with silver, planted halos on the hills, and, as the vapor curled and drifted, warmed the cliffs and tops with such magic tints that one was prepared to believe the scene a mirage, though the forest covered islands nearer gave a foreground of reality. Further up the coast, in Alaska, it was claimed that a permanent mirage could be seen at one point, and somebody described the towers and domes of the "silent city" that lifted skyward before his astonished eyes. But somebody else went too far and proved too much; he took a photograph of the silent city and put it on show. One day a blooming Briton came along, saw the picture and exclaimed: "'Ullo. There's Bristol, in hold Hengland." He had lived there and he knew it was not silent, nor was it in Alaska. But it needs no magic and no accident to transform this coast. It is the noblest and loveliest I have ever seen.

From Vancouver I set eastward and broke the journey at Great Selkirk glacier, to see more of it than I could see in going. Comfortable quarters are had in a little chalet like hotel, where meals are served to travelers on the daily express and that, with its half acre of ground on the edge of a mountain bench, forms an oasis in a continent of solitude. Fountains of melted ice dance before the doors, Indians occasionally camp in adjacent cleared spaces and two bears, a cinnamon and a black, are chained to

stumps. The black is a trifle vicious when he wants his dinner, and once, when I had been standing beside him and turned to go, he shot after me with a suddenness and velocity that surprised and displeased me, and I went away. It was fun to see the interviews between this bear and Jeff Davis, the hotel dog. Jeff would approach the bear half amiably and the bear would approach him with revolving nose. Jeff would sit down, keeping a wary eye on his companion, never allowing him to get behind or to take a direction that resembled a flank movement. Approaching softly, the bear would lick the dog's neck, then the top of his head, then, getting hold of his ears, would begin to chew them, not very hard, but with a vicious working of the jaw that said as plainly as words, "If I only dared, my esteemed associate and meat, I would riddle these ears of yours into strings." The biting would get harder and harder until at last Jeff, with tail and legs as stiff as five pegs and the hair on his back ruffled, would take a backward leap, just out of Bruin's reach, and scold him in a series of sharp, admonitory barks. Then the bear would sit by his stump, with fore feet up, like a man's hands, and gaze around at the scenery, contemptuously ignoring the existence of Jeff Davis, and assuming a wearied air, as if a dog that could stand no more than that was a fatigue to the spirit. Jeff is a brave dog, all the same. He has climbed many of the mountains here, threaded the mazes of the woods, swum the Illicilliwaet when it was high with afternoon melting and scared small game out of the neighborhood.

It was on a perfect afternoon that I made my first visit to the glacier. A path leads to it through a high and mossy wood, across brawling ice streams, over lichened boulders, and at one point it winds over the debris of a landslide that scarred the face of an eastern hill for a mile or more, piling wrecks of stone and timber into the valley and heaping it against the flank of an opposite rise. Belated raspberries were growing among the thin and wiry alders that form the iceward van of the forest. On emerging from the wood you find yourself in a crescent of shattered stone brought from the mountains by the ice in past years and surrounding the lower half of the glacier that rises in portentous mass before you, a mile wide and three miles long, high, cold, with mouths of awful crevasses marked on the white in curving lines of turquoise and indigo, moraines of green quartzite heaped at its foot and sides, a plateau buried in snow above it drawing a dazzling line against the sky beyond, on either hand the vast pyramids of Sir Donald and the Asulkans with the bleak and whitened Hermits rising across a gap to the northward. Not a living crea-

ture in the view. What wonder that the Indians being alone in such a place put gods and spirits into the rocks and ice and woods to take the chill out of the solitude or to excuse the fear they felt as they gazed about them? The older races did the same and out of this personalization of nature grew poetry. Is civilization killing poetry? Are facts weighing the life out of imagination that once tried to reach the truths now gained by study? Or is only because we have learned to grovel or be busy that we have lost power to tell how such a sight appeals to us? But eyes are often raised heavenward in this place, for all earth seems to aspire that way.

Storms come and pass with wondrous quickness here. Out of nothing came a cloud that crawled upon the ice. A few snow flakes fell. Suddenly, a flash. The bale fire glowed and Thor's hammer beat the crags. In a rush of vapor the peaks seemed sailing through the air like stone ships journeying to other worlds, but at sunset a wind tore apart this roof of vapor and the sky shone through. As the sun sank the ice gleamed white, then orange and pink, the glow shot through a snow storm powdering Sir Donald, lighted space, turned the clouds to meteors, and after a few moments of this fearful beauty, in which heaven stooped to earth, the color saddened, then faded: the glacier was as ash, the monster peaks, standing above the earth like white bearded giants, hard, naked, manful, grew slaty blue, a stillness fell and through the glooming wood I walked slowly back, alone.

Hours after dark, in the little office of the hotel, where half a dozen guests were huddled about the stove, we heard a sound of feet through pattering rain and caught a gleam of lanterns from the window. A party had been lost on the glacier and had just found the way down. Jeff Davis wagged a welcome with his tail and the incident led to unwinding other tales—of adventure in the mountains and snows. Among the stories that were told on irrefutable authority one was about a meeting of two Eastern professors with two cinnamon bears, in Colorado. One is a naturalist, the other a mathematician—not the bears: the professors. Said the naturalist, "We were coming down a mountain and had just reached timber line when I, who was a couple of hundred feet in advance——"

"That's it! String it out," broke in the mathematician, who does sums for amusement, thinks in figures, dreams of logarithms and has a calculus beside him when he eats. "Every time you tell it the distance grows. I had only stopped to fix my pack, any way."

"I, who was 186 feet and 8 inches in advance——"

"Not a bit over a hundred."

"I, who was a hundred feet in advance——"

"In fact, I doubt if it was a hundred."

"I, who was 90 feet in advance, saw a couple of

cinnamons charging up the mountain. I could not have got away from them by running. I had no gun, luckily, but I had a canteen hanging from my shoulder, and I pulled that off and whirled it round and round and shouted. They came galloping on until they were within six feet of me—

"Sixteen."

"Within sixteen feet of me, so near that they threw gravel on me with their hind feet as they turned, when they changed their minds as quick as a flash, and went scampering down hill. The thing struck me at the instant as so absurd that I shouted with laughter, but by the time E— came up, a minute later—"

"Twenty seconds."

"Twenty seconds later, the possibilities of the adventure had dawned on me and I did not laugh any more."

Betimes next morning I was off through the woods again to see the glacier. Having no spike shod feet, gloved hands, picks, ropes, ladders or assistants, my explorations were of modest extent and were not conducted with an eye to the increase of scientific knowledge. I tried to crawl upon the slippery back of the monster, but had not gone far before the incline became too steep for further progress, and I kept foothold just long enough to arrange my rubber coat under me when I went scooting down as on a toboggan. I crawled into one of the lower crevasses to fancy what it must be to be lost under the ice, in the clasp of that blue and beautiful death, with the hoarse sound of water, in the glacier's distant caves, for requiem. One of the tunnels I had visited on the afternoon before had collapsed and twenty tons of ice was strewn about the spot where I had stood. A damp but lovely grotto a hundred feet in length had been worn in the northern side, and, looking upward through the stratified ice, sunlight was seen to have painted the mass with the tint of beryl. An odd prism of ice projecting from the wall for about eighteen inches showed five sides and was like nothing so much as a giant crystal of aquamarine. The blue becomes indigo in deeper recesses, but light seems to penetrate the ice for at least fifty feet. Dark spots in the roof are stones, worn from the mountains, that are now being carried down at a rate of a foot or so a day. A trench, thirty feet in width, between the ice and the terminal moraine of these stones shows a rather sudden recession of the glacier, and the high piled lateral moraine, with four crests or edges, also indicates that the ice once spread over a larger surface than at present. Alders grow within sixty feet of the ice. At the sides and "toe" of the glacier fragments chip off from time to time and stones are discharged through holes, melting their way out, apparently. The remains

of a wild goose were once taken out of the glacier foot. Streams, green with "snow broth," bubble from under the ice and join the brooks that dash down from the glaciers on Sir Donald and Asulkan and, though mortally cold, water moss grows in their pools. There are flies on this glacier. At least, I saw one long legged insect tiptoeing over it, searching possibly for something to eat among the pellets of clay that smut its face, for the surface is ruffled as by wind, in reality by melting drops, and dust lodges and congests in the holes and crevices so formed.

There is exhilaration in this place, in the Arctic scene and air, the bigness and ascent of everything about you, the clearness and pallor of the sky bending over the unknown country beyond the northern peaks, and in the unhindered sweep of wind across miles of snow. Only once was human neighborhood suggested and that was when four quick reports from a repeating rifle echoed from the woods below. Somebody had found big game. As I clambered up the moraine a squeal or whistle sounded. No one was in sight. Presently a dark object crept along a bowlder, seized on a shrub, broke off a twig and moved back in the shadow of a rock. Approaching softly I saw that the object was an animal, a cross between rat, chipmunk and prairie dog, darkly furred, bright eyed, with no tail and with rat ears perked up. He whistled again as he saw me, but went on nibbling leaves from his plundered branch and allowed me to go within six feet of him before he suspected that I might belong to a dangerous race. Indians call him "peezy." White men, I believe, have named him the chief hare, but he is not a hare and he is too small to be a chief of anything. His cry, shrilling on the wind, was the only one that tokened life: though the startling crack of ice and a roar of falling rocks, away up on Sir Donald, were stern sounds. And there was the voice of the silence. Have you never heard, when alone in the wilderness, those mild, calm tones that rise from the waters, stir in the air, whisper in the leaves, sound in the breakers' peal and make declaration through the alarm of the avalanche? This weird, familiar sound speaks in strange words that hint at much, for the spirit of nature is telling eternal truths into men's ears, and they can only wonder and wish to know the language.

Mt. Stephen and Banff.

Eastward from Selkirk glacier by a day's ride is Mount Stephen, mightiest of all the heights that are to be seen on the trip by Canadian Pacific railway, not so sharp and Alpine as Sir Donald, nor so snowy, but a colossal rock, a mile and a half high, springing from sandy levels, where the Wapta rests before beginning its mad rush of fifty miles to the Columbia. You are here near the top of the pass, 4,000 feet above the sea, and overhead, at a height of 13,000 feet above the ocean, swells the crest of Stephen, a series of precipices chained by castellated bastions into semblance of a fort, traversed with lines of strata and dusted with snow—a sublime construction; a veritable Walhalla. A town of ten or a dozen houses has sprung up here, occupied principally by railroad hands, for this is the point to which extra engines climb to pull the trains, thence returning with other trains on the reverse grade, pulling back to keep the cars from tobogganning furiously to destruction in the ravines below. The town is called Field and the inhabitants have two occupations: In the day time they sit in the general store and the saloons—otherwise hotels; at night they sit in Mulcahy's and gamble. One of the houses had three flags flying at the door—two British and an American with ten stripes and twelve stars. The place takes on some importance to the eye from the dining station erected here—the first encountered on the westward journey. This is a better kept hotel than many to be found in bigger places; small, but sufficient, for few people stop there, except for meals; neat as are all stations on this road and well furnished as to the pantry. The landlord is a big, handsome, soldierly looking Scot, and if you don't see what you want about his place you can have it if you will ask for it. That is the advantage of a small hotel in a lonely place. The proprietor thereof is glad to see you, and does not regard his guests as his slaves.

I stop at Field partly to get a long look at Mount Stephen and partly to get fossils out of it; for the astronomer told me of a climb he made upon its sides, of trilobites he had plucked from it and how his old professor of geology, as he saw these specimens, had flung his hands up joyfully and declared that life was still worth living. I do not care so much for trilobites myself as to lose sleep on their account, indeed I have no doubt that I could learn to sleep in the same room with them, for, as a rule, they do not bark or crow or snore, but their age and experience entitles them to a show of interest and respect. Born millions of years ago in the ooze of vanished seas we find their bodies turned to stone, on lofty inland mountains. Yet how brief their

history compared to that of the earth that nourished them, and how short that earth life is by contrast with the planets that may wheel about Aldebaran or Sirius! These objects, characters in nature's story, engraved on the rock, tell of beginnings. Forms of life humbler than these ocean sowbugs prepared the way for man, as man is clearing the way for—what?

After breakfast I take bearings and set off for the mountain. The first mile or so is through scrub alders and a burned forest that cumbers ground already bad enough with rock and bog, for the charred trees lie at all angles but the right one, and every time I touch them charcoal comes off on my hands and clothing. Part of the way leads along the gully of a brook, with sides sloping at an angle of sixty degrees. I should think, and these sides are composed of earth strewn with slates so full of magnesia that they are as smooth as soap. I pick my way on jogs of stone and ridges of soil when—zip! A slide of a dozen feet, and I am dumped into the brook with a hundredweight of shale, amid a bobbery of noise and dust and splash; my hands are scratched, my feet are wet, my trousers—horrors! Well, now that I am here I may as well use the brook for a roadway. My shoes cannot get any wetter. The cascades are awkward and the alders are as tough and springy as steel. But there is slime on the stones and I am dropped and crack my knees on a boulder. I will take to the woods again. A delightful carpet of moss to walk on. Blump! The moss is a fraud. It concealed that hole and caused me nearly to break my leg tumbling into it. A long and densely wooded ravine opens at the left, and a steep hill rises in front. I will scale it to see where I am. By rushes and scrambles and holding to bushes and saplings I gain the top and find to my delight that Mount Stephen is near. It fills the whole east and looms almost into the zenith. As I go toward it I discover that the height I am on is a buttress supporting the main peak, as if a building a mile long and 500 feet high were backed against the mountain and I were walking along the ridge-pole. So narrow is the top of this buttress that often there is but room for passage, the earth shelving steeply away on either hand, but as I proceed the lateral fall grows less and the ridge is lost in the great upheaval of Mount Stephen.

Scarred with miles of avalanche, with strata that it lifted out of the sea painted across its front, with its great towers and precipices standing defiantly against the sky, it grows larger and larger and more and more vertical as I climb on. The same slippery slate everywhere, sometimes lying at so steep an angle that I move with caution lest I should repeat my experience of the brook, but if I start a landslide now it means a ride of several hundred feet into the valley. No heavy fall of rock occurs and when I reach timber line, at about eight thousand feet above the

sea, I have no difficulty in persuading my legs that they have had enough. Looking westward I find that several buttresses, like the one that gave me passage, jut from the mountain and push out in roughly parallel lines, covered with forest that also darkens in intervening gulches. A valley at my left slants up into a wild recess of rock, where falling water whitens as it pours from a desolate peak of snow. The south is walled out by rock. At the north, across the yellow level where the Wapta writhes and pools in this dry weather, are crags that front a higher range, with shrouded heads peering over wood and waste and seeming in their stillness and serenity to dream. The Wapta valley is velvety with trees whose giant tallness wanes to nothing in the breadth of green unfolding, and at the west, like billows on the verge of the earth encircling ocean in the dark first morn of our planet, the mountains foam along the horizon.

And there were trilobites. No end of them. Nearly all broken, to be sure, and sometimes dim and small, but everywhere in the broad stratum that belted Mount Stephen at timber line. With nothing but pockets to carry them in and only a carpenter's hammer to crack them out as well as to serve as defense in case a grizzly shows up, for Ephraim haunts these woods, I do not gather enough to supply a museum, but the few good ones that are secured are trophies of the hardest climb I ever had. I make no attempt to get higher, nor do I see how this formidable peak can be scaled, though tradition says that it was climbed by an engineer, several years ago, in order to get the lay of the land by the view from the top. Around on the other side of it is a lead mine that is worked to a small extent and a grotto lined with quartz crystals, while far up on the eastern face is a glacier, several hundred feet thick, that terminates at the edge of a tall precipice, the ice pushing out as the glacier descends until it falls of its own weight and is heaped over the debris below. Coming down is as lively as going up, and if anybody desires to acquire a fluent use of condemnatory language I think this trip will give it to him if he yields to his impulses. Once, on the descent, I step on two projecting roots, to avoid a hole, and, slipping, am caught between them by the ankle as securely as in a trap. My weight has pushed my foot through the oval gap between them, and I can gain no purchase to pull it out nor can I reach beneath to pull my shoe off. The pain of the pinch is severe and the plight is a pretty one in case Ephraim chances along and has his appetite with him. By cutting one of the roots with my pocket knife until it is weakened I succeed in bending it enough to release my foot, and I reach the hotel without further mishap, but as black as a coal heaver with the charred wood of the forest. The obliging landlord prepares a hot bath, dries my shoes, lends

me his slippers and sets the table, and in an hour I feel all the better for my climb up Mount Stephen.

Banff, which I visited afterward, is the only village in the Canadian national park—a reservation in the province of Alberta that is a little earthly paradise set down in a country that had always seemed to me as bleak as it was remote. This park is twenty-six miles long by ten wide, not a big one measured by the standard of our Yellowstone, yet opulent in scenic charm. Its mountains are not the highest in the Rockies, but they are strangely picturesque in form, and two that form the Twins of the Rundle range rise in a stretch of stone apparently as smooth as a tilted floor and hardly giving tree room, to a brace of peaks so sharp that they bend over the western side. Arriving at Banff at midnight and riding by stage two miles to the luxurious hotel built here by the railroad company, these peaks were almost the first things seen on leaving the building for a stroll next morning. It was a raw, cold day, full of gloom, and clouds that were blown up the eastern plane of Rundle fell over the sharp edges and banked in the shelter on the leeward side, emphasizing the effect of overhang. Now and then a flurry of rain swept up the wooded valley between Rundle and Sulphur mountain, at the mouth of which lies Banff, but this seemed only to make the picture wilder and grander. The hotel stands on a hill in the middle of the valley; just below it the Spray falls into the Bow which rushes east in falls and rapids, between limestone cliffs that fitly frame the cold and lonely chain of Inglismaldie, ten miles away. Beyond those snow caps winds Devil's lake, an S shaped pond with mountains looming steeply on every side, except where Devil's Gap opens a pass through them into the valley of Ghost river.

Other lakes and streams and heights there are, and stretches of pleasant sward and vast and bristling forest that the Canadian government will no longer allow to be cut and will even jail you for burning, while the mounted police are quartered here, with their forage caps and their straddle, to make you keep order whether you want to or not. Good roads have been laid, one of them winding to the top of Tunnel mountain, about the height of Lafayette above the sea, while Indian trails and woodmen's paths give access to remoter regions. At Banff you may lease land for building or tenting for a matter of twenty years, but you can not stay there longer; you can not camp without permission and fee, you cannot drink or sell drink except at the hotels, you cannot work the rocks for coal and lime, you cannot deface the scenery or scribble your name in public places, you cannot throw things into the springs or rivers, you cannot exhibit an advertisement, you cannot bring live stock into the reservation, you cannot dump rubbish, you cannot cross a bridge faster than a walk, you cannot drive reck-

lessly, you cannot drive on walks and commons, you cannot race, you cannot tamper with supply pipes from the springs, you cannot peddle, you cannot charge over \$3 a day for services as guide, you cannot charge over \$1 for a twelve mile ride on a steam launch, you cannot charge over 50 cents an hour, after the first hour, for a ride in a wagon, you cannot charge over \$3 a day for a saddle horse, you cannot use a freight wagon with tires less than two and a half inches wide, you cannot gamble, you cannot shoot, except at dangerous animals, you cannot carry a gun except by permission, you cannot fish, and very likely you do not care to do any of these things until you find that they are prohibited; but you can row, ride, walk, climb, see, breathe, eat, talk, smoke, play on the piano and swim.

By all means take a swim if you go to Banff. You will find the weather cool, most likely; indeed, it was not sultry on the day that I went in, for clouds were heaving around the mountains and there were patches of fresh snow on the tops when they blew away; but for all that it was one of the most delightful swims I ever had. That is because the water has 80 degrees of warmth. You strip in a little house and dive from a platform into about eight feet of soft, sulphury water. Low cliffs of travertine curve about it at the back and the house and a fence are further screen. This spring is thirty-five feet wide and the water is always kept alive by drainage and supply, for through the black sand at its bottom the current bubbles upward and the whole is kept at a delightful temperature. There is another spring a mile or two up Sulphur mountain that is artificially pooled in houses for bathing purposes, and that is warmer except in winter, and it also supplies hot water through pipes to the hotel and sanitarium below. Rheumatic patients are alleged to be benefited by these baths and in front of one establishment are hung the crutches of some victims who went home cured, but you don't have to have rheumatism to enjoy yourself. Just swim for fun. A college professor succeeded me as the occupant of this big bath tub and as he was emerging from the water, clad only in native beauty, the keeper of the spring forgetfully led a man and woman to the diving platform that they might see what manner of thing it was—the spring. The professor fled to his room and put on his spectacles and the visitors examined the water with deep attention for several minutes. A few rods away is a spring about 60 feet in circumference and 6 feet deep in the middle, that occupies a cave in the travertine, a place of gloom and sulphurous odor, with a small natural skylight in the top, where the steam curls out. I took regretful leave of Banff and, setting eastward, crossed the empty plains, the long prairies, the rough wilderness of Ontario, where night darkness was relieved by bursts of electrical aurora in the north, then, through calm and fertile New England, reached home.

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